NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

Without Concealment-----Without Compromise.

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AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.
At 142, Nassau Street, New-York.

Sydney Howard Gay,
Maria Weston Chapman,
Edmund Quincy, } Editors.

☞ All communications for the paper, and letters relating to its pecuniary concerns, should be addressed to SYDNEY HOWARD GAY.

Donations to the Treasury of the American Anti-Slavery Society may be forwarded to FRANCIS JACKSON, Treasurer, at Boston; or to S. H. GAY, Assistant Treasurer, at New-York.

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H. M. HENRY, PRINTER.

Selections.

From the Tribune.

LETTER FROM FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

Mr. Greeley—My Dear Sir:—I never wrote nor attempted to write a letter for any other than a strictly Anti-Slavery press; but being greatly encouraged by your magnanimity, as shown in copying my letter, written from Belfast, Ireland, to the Liberator at Boston, I venture to send you a few lines direct from my pen.

I know not how to thank you for the deep and lively interest you have been pleased to take in the cause of my long-neglected race, or in what language to express the gratification I feel in witnessing your unwillingness to lend your aid to "break a bruised reed," by adding your weight to the already insupportable burden to crush the feeble though virtuous efforts of one who is laboring for the emancipation of a people who, for two long centuries, have endured with the utmost patience, a bondage one hour of which, in the graphic language of the immortal Jefferson, is worse than ages of that which your fathers rose in rebellion to oppose.

It is such indications on the part of the press—which, happily, are multiplying throughout all the land—that kindle up within me an ardent hope that the curse of Slavery will not much longer be permitted to make its iron foot-prints into the lacerated hearts of my sable brethren, or to spread its foul mantle of moral blight, mildew, and infamy, over the otherwise noble character of the American people.

I am very sorry to see that some of your immediate neighbors are very much displeased with you for this act of kindness to myself, and the cause of which I am an humble advocate, and that an attempt has been made on the part of some of them, by misrepresenting my sayings, motives, and objects in this country, to stir up against me the already too bitter antipathy of the American people. I am called, by way of reproach, a runaway slave. As if it were a crime—an unpardonable crime—for a man to take his inalienable rights! If I had not run away, but settled down in the degrading arms of Slavery, and made no effort to gain my freedom, it is quite probable that the learned gentlemen who now brand me with being a miserable runaway slave, would have adduced the fact in proof of the negro's adaptation to Slavery and his utter unfitness for freedom! "*There is no pleasing some people.*" But why should Mr. James Brooks feel so much annoyed by the attention shown me in this country, and so anxious to excite against me the jealousy and hatred of the American people? I can very readily understand why a slaveholder—a trader in slaves—one who has all his property in human flesh, blinded by ignorance as to his own best interest, and under the dominion of violent passions, engendered by the possession of discretionary and irresponsible power over the bodies and souls of his victims—accustomed to the inhuman sight of men and women sold at auction, in company with horses, sheep, and swine, and in every way treated more like brutes than human beings, should repine at my success; and in his blindness seek to throw every discouragement and obstacle in the way of the slave's emancipation. But why a New-York editor, born and reared in the State of Maine, far removed from the contaminated and pestilential atmosphere of Slavery, should pursue such a course, is not so apparent. I will not, however, stop here to ascertain the cause, but deal with fact; and I cannot better do this than by giving your readers a simple and undisguised statement of the motives and objects of my visit to this country. I feel it but just to myself to do so, since I have been denounced by the "New-York Express" as a "*glib-tongued scoundrel*," and gravely charged, in its own elegant and dignified language, with "*running a muck in greedy-eared Britain against America, its people, its institutions, and even against its peace.*"

Of the low and vulgar epithets, coupled with the false and somewhat malicious charges, very little need be said. I am used to them. Their force is lost upon me in the frequency of their application. I was reared where they were in the most common use. They form a large and very important part of the vocabulary of characters known in the South as plantation "negro-drivers." A slaveholding gentleman would scorn to use them. He leaves them to find their way into the world of sound through the polluted lips of his hired "*negro-driver*"—a being for whom the haughty slaveholder feels incomparably more contempt than he feels toward his slave. And for the best of all reasons—he knows the slave to be degraded because he cannot help himself; but a white "*negro-driver*" is degraded because of *native, original, ingrained meanness.* If I agree with the slaveholders in nothing else, I can say I agree with them in all their burning contempt for a "negro-driver," whether born North or South. Such epithets will have no prejudicial effect against me on the mind of the class of the American people whose good opinion I sincerely desire to cultivate and deserve. And it is to these I would address this brief word of explanation.

The object, then, of my visit to this country is simply to give such an exposition of the degrading influence of Slavery upon the master and his abettors as well as upon the slave—to excite such an intelligent interest on the subject of American Slavery as may re-act upon that country, and tend to shame her out of her adhesion to a system which all must confess to be at variance with justice, repugnant to Christianity, and at war with her own free institutions. "The head and front of my offending hath this extent, no more." I am one of those who think the best friend of a nation is he who the most faithfully rebukes her for her sins—and he her worst enemy, who, under the specious and popular garb of patriotism, seeks to excuse, palliate, and defend them. America has much more to fear from such than all the rebukes of the Abolitionists at home or abroad.

I am nevertheless aware that the wisdom of exposing the sins of one nation in the ear of another has been seriously questioned by good and clear-sighted people both on this and on your side of the Atlantic. And the thought is not without its weight upon my own mind. I am satisfied that there are many evils which can be best removed by confining our efforts to the immediate locality where such evils exist. This, however, is by no means the case with the system of Slavery. It is such a giant sin—such a monstrous aggregation of iniquity, so hardening to the human heart, so destructive to the moral sense, and so well calculated to beget a character in every one around it favorable to its own continuance, that I feel not only at liberty but abundantly justified in appealing to the whole world to aid in its removal. Slavery exists in the United States because it is reputable, and it is reputable in the United States because it is not so *dis*reputable out of the United States as it ought to be, and it is not so disreputable out of the United States as it ought to be because its character is not so well known as it ought to be. Believing this most firmly, and being a lover of Freedom, a hater of Slavery, one who has felt the bloody whip and worn the galling chain—sincerely and earnestly longing for the deliverance of my sable brethren from their awful bondage, I am bound to expose its character, whenever and wherever an opportunity is afforded me. I would attract to it the attention of the world. I would fix upon it the piercing eye of insulted Liberty. I would arraign it at the bar of Eternal Justice, and summon the Universe to witness against it. I would concentrate against it the moral and religious sentiment of Christian people of every "class, color, and clime." I would have the guilty slaveholder see his condemnation written on every human face, and hear it proclaimed in every human voice, till, overwhelmed with shame and confusion, he resolved to cease his wicked course, undo the heavy burden, and let the oppressed go free.

The people in this county who take the deepest interest in the removal of Slavery from America and the spread of Liberty throughout the world, are the same who oppose the bloody spirit of war, and are earnestly laboring to spread the blessings of peace all over the globe. I have ever found the Abolitionists of this country the warmest friends of America and American institutions. I have frequently seen in their houses, and sometimes occupying the most conspicuous places in their parlors, the American Declaration of Independence. An aged Anti-Slavery gentleman in Dublin, with whom I had the honor several times to dine during my stay in that city, has the Declaration of Independence, and a number of the portraits of the distinguished founders of the American Republic. He bought them, many years ago, in token of his admiration of the men and their principles. But, said he, after speaking of the sentiments of the Declaration—looking up at it as it hung in a costly frame—I am often tempted to turn its face to the wall, it is such a palpable contradiction of the spirit and practices of the American people at this time. This instrument was once the watchword of Freedom in this land, and the American people were regarded as the best friends and truest representatives of that sacred cause. But they are not so regarded now. They have allowed the crowned heads of Europe to outstrip them. While Great Britain has emancipated all her slaves, and is laboring to extend the blessings of Liberty wherever her power is felt, it seems, in the language of John Quincy Adams, that the preservation, propagation, and perpetuation of Slavery, is the vital and animating spirit of the American Government. Even Hayti, the black Republic, is not to be spared; the spirit of freedom, which a sanguinary and ambitious despot could not crush or extinguish, is to be exterminated by the free American Republic, because that spirit is dangerous to Slavery. While the people of this country see such facts and indications, as well as the great fact that three millions of people are held in the most abject bondage, deprived of all their God-given rights—denied by law, and public opinion, to learn to read the sacred Scriptures by a people professing the largest liberty and devotion to the religion of Jesus Christ—while they see this monstrous anomaly, they must look elsewhere for a paragon of civil and religious freedom. Sir, I am earnestly and anxiously laboring to wipe off this foul blot from the otherwise fair fame of the American people, that they may accomplish in behalf of human freedom that which their exalted position among the nations of the earth amply fits them to do. Would they but arise in their moral majesty and might—repent and purify themselves from this foul crime—break the galling fetters, and restore the long lost rights to the sable bondmen in their midst—they would encircle her name with a wreath of imperishable glory. Her light would indeed break forth as the morning—its brilliant beams would flash across the Atlantic and illuminate the Eastern world.

I am, dear Sir, very gratefully yours,
FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

The Standard.

THE TWELFTH ANNUAL MEETING OF THE AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

The American Anti-Slavery Society held its Annual Meeting in the Broadway Tabernacle, on Tuesday, the 12th instant. At 10 o'clock, A. M. the President, William Lloyd Garrison, called the meeting to order, and after some occasional remarks, requested that a few moments of silence be preserved, to be improved, if any one felt moved to do so, by vocal prayer.

Francis Jackson, Treasurer, presented the following Report:

TREASURER'S ACCOUNT.

The American Anti-Slavery Society, in account current with Francis Jackson, Treasurer—Dr.

FROM MAY 1ST, 1845, TO MAY 1ST, 1846.

To expense account, including: rent, $200; expenses on Standard packages sent by express, $75; ditto of Annual Meeting last year, and this year in part, $165; and balance expended in fuel, stationery, postage, papers subscribed for, and petty expenses in printing and publication offices, $269 86; total,	$709 86	
" Amount paid for services of Agents during the current, and past year, in Pennsylvania, Ohio, Maine, and Massachusetts,	1,421 96	
" Amount paid for printing and press-work of National Anti-Slavery Standard,	1,888 00	
" Paper for ditto,	849 32	
" Salaries of Editor, office-agent and assistant,	1,065 50	
" Discount account, including loss on counterfeit money, premium on remittances and discount on uncurrent money,	19 17	
" Amount paid for publications for Book Concern,	41 26	
" Amount paid for assistance to Anti-Slavery Papers,	140 00	
" Amount paid Jonathan Walker, being donations remitted by E. S. Abdy, of England, for that purpose,	24 15	
" Balance in treasury, to new account,	610 02	
	$6,769 24	
Cr.		
By cash on hand from old account,	$ 120 86	
" Amount received from subscription to the National Anti-Slavery Standard,	2,314 79	
" Donations and collections at the Anniversary in May, 1845, and the New England Convention, June, '45,	4,263 06	
" Sale of publications at office,	70 53	
(E. E.)	$6,769 24	

FRANCIS JACKSON, Treasurer.

NEW-YORK, May 11th, 1846.

We have examined the vouchers of the above account, and find them to correspond with the payments; the additions, also, are correct—leaving a balance in the hands of the Treasurer, of six hundred and ten dollars and two cents.

J. S. GIBBONS,
OTIS R. POTTER,
Auditors.

The Corresponding Secretary, Maria W. Chapman, not being present, Edmund Quincy read some portions of the Annual Report, and the Report was laid upon the table.

S. H. Gay read letters from Joshua R. Giddings, and David Lee Child, the former expressing the regret of the writer that congressional duties prevented him from attending the meeting. The letter of D. L. Child is as follows:

NORTHAMPTON, May 10, 1846.

DEAR FRIENDS:—Since the last Annual Meeting of the American Anti-Slavery Society, which I attended, in May, 1844, events of the greatest importance to our cause and to this country have taken place. At that time I entertained a confident hope that the audacious encroachments, which the slaveholders were attempting upon the Constitution, and the undisguised prostitution of all the powers of the Government, for the fostering of Slavery, would at length kindle a fire in the free, and, if united, irresistible States of the North, that would sweep Slavery and the slave power from this continent forever.

It was not enough that the robbers of human rights were rewarded with the enjoyment and disposal of all the offices in a Government, founded on Liberty and Equality; it was not enough that they took such as they pleased for themselves, and threw the offals to feed their Northern janizaries; it was not enough that the burden of taxation had always been cast upon free, to the comparative exemption of slave labor; it was not enough that an army and navy, the most expensive of their size in the world, were employed, and the Indian tribes pensioned at our cost, as slave-catchers to their majesties; it was not enough that the diplomacy of the country was silently and systematically working to ward off imaginary dangers from Slavery at home, and for that precious purpose, to rivet its chains abroad. These things, though manifest and most unprincipled violations of the spirit and faith of the federal compact, might pass for abuses of administration, and the dream might be indulged, and was indulged, by good men, that in better times, and with a more enlightened public opinion, they would wear away, and the Constitution come out without any fatal disfigurement of its main features. Estimating highly its CAPACITY for good, they hoped, as probably did many of its founders, that it would, at an early day, and without violence, be purified of its dominant evil. But the time has gone by for indulgence in such delusions. Within the last two years we have seen a career of conquest commenced, a career unjust and inhuman at best, but when undertaken as this avowedly was, for the extension of the horrors of personal slavery, it so overtops all national profligacy, old and new, as to render the sins of the Alexanders, the Cæsars, the Fredericks, the Catherines, and Napoleons, white as wool. The simulacrum of the Constitution remains, but the substance is perished; its dignity and authority are prostrate, trodden deep in the mud of the rice-swamp and the slave-pen. Perhaps it is best so; for it deserved its fate, but not at the hands of slave-breeders and slave-traders. Execution should have been done upon it by freemen.

The poor Constitution commanded that our foreign relations should be under the exclusive management and control of the President and Senate, and that a two-thirds vote of that body should be requisite to the validity of any compact or arrangement with a foreign State. This was designed to guard, in a special manner, the rights of the States against partial and sinister influences, operating through the dangerous medium of foreign relations; but it has been abolished by clamorous *State rights* men and *nullifiers!* To evade this two-thirds vote, the robbers of human rights, with the aid of their janizaries, formed a compact of union (the most important that could be formed) with a foreign State, by passing resolutions in Congress; and then awaiting an answer in like form from a foreign Legislature—a new, and if it were not so abominably wicked, a very funny way of conducting a diplomatic correspondence. The poor thing commanded that there should be one representative in Congress for such a number of inhabitants, not less than thirty thousand, as Congress should determine, upon an actual enumeration of the people made under its authority. Congress had acted upon the subject, and fixed, (with a primary view to accommodate the slave-power and the slave States,) upon some seventy thousand as the ratio of representation. A foreign State has been permitted to send two representatives without an enumeration, made under any Government, and giving, in the most exciting elections, less votes than a single representative district in the old Union! And those foreigners are now to control, by *yea* and *nay*, our national destiny, and to make for us peace or war. The poor thing commanded that Representatives should have been *seven* and Senators *nine* years citizens of the United States; but here are four Senators and Representatives, who have not yet been six months such citizens! The poor thing commanded, through a law still on the statute-book, and in the very resolutions inviting Annexation, that Slavery should not be extended north of thirty-six and a half degrees of latitude. Texas as defined by her Congress, and as claimed and now occupied by our Government, extends to forty-two degrees of North latitude, yet the whole has been organized as a slave State, and as such has been received into this Union! The poor thing commanded that Congress should have the sole power of making war, except in the case of repelling invasion; yet three slave Presidents, without a particle of authority from Congress, have, with entire impunity, ordered our armies and fleets to invade Mexico for the purposes of piracy, and slaveholding aggrandizement.

After all this, and much more, which might be told, there can be no conceivable or inconceivable scheme of slavitish usurpation and villany, which may not and will not be carried over the ruins of the Constitution. I regard the instrument as contemned and worthless, or rather, as far worse than worthless; for while it is impotent for the protection of any right of the free, which Slavery chooses to "hawk at and kill," it serves as a cover for taxing us, perhaps of making conscripts of us—and of invading our soil to kidnap men, who have nobly vindicated their natural rights, kept up all the vitality which remains to our Declaration of Independence, and would be regarded even by barbarians, (not within the reach of the coercion or corruption of our Government,) as entitled in the highest degree to the sacred right of hospitality.

In neither of the existing political parties can I now perceive any remedy for this horrible and insupportable state of things. One party is sold as regularly, and far more degradingly, within the *white* slave Bazaar at Washington, as are our colored fellow-citizens without. The other, with a pretty clear perception of the saucy encroachments of the slaveholders, and of their incompetent and knavish administration of the Government, and of the treachery of their own Southern associates, is rendered powerless for redress by its delusive hopes of forbearance in respect to private interests and pursuits. One party is *positively* wicked for the sake of the public spoils, which it expects to gain, the other is *negatively* so for the sake of the private advantages it fears to lose.

That I have been bitterly disappointed in the result of the revolution, which was in agitation at the time of the meeting alluded to, and which is now consummated, I need not say. The tameness and poverty of spirit, with which our once brave and still beloved Massachusetts has submitted to this revolution, not to mention other enormities, and to the practical annihilation of the wretched Constitution, thus proving false to her solemn and repeated pledges, has surprised and grieved me, more than I can find words to express. For one, powerless as I am, I do not, and I will not submit. I will hail rebellion as a blessing. I will strive to inspire others with my own abhorrence of the leprous embrace of this loathsome Union. It is the greatest instrument of torture and death, that ever existed on the face of God's earth. It is an idol, on whose altars ten times as many human victims as were sacrificed to Moloch, by the Carthagenian heathen, or to Juggernaut by the Hindoos, are annually slain.

With these views and feelings I can find no congenial form of action except that assumed by the American Anti-Slavery Society. I feel that it is partial, but I see that it is all that is practicable. I find in it, and in no other organized, or associate action, consolation and hope for American slaves, and for Americans who do not mean to be slaves. Therefore do I, my old and dear and trusty friends, bid you a hearty God-speed.

The times are strange and out of joint. I have a general faith that so guilty a success as has been obtained by this nation, will, in some unlooked-for way, be turned to a sudden and awful scourge. It is not impossible nor improbable that the cowardly violence and mean frauds committed by us upon an unoffending, a friendly, and defenceless people, and which "the chivalry" would never have dared to undertake against any of the powerful nations of Europe, may yet lead to a terrible conflict with one or more of those very nations. How will the guilty creatures then shake with fear from without and fear within! How will they hurry their *happy* slaves over the mountains, (though they would do better to call upon the mountains to cover themselves,) leaving their coasts and harbors to be defended by Northern armies. But the soldiers they would obtain from the North, unless the old slave-scheme of conscription be revived, would be few and far between. Northern demagogues may support Slavery for gain, and Whigs truckle to it for fear of loss, but neither will support it at a sacrifice. Thus the wicked may yet be taken in their own devices, and that which was intended to be the final and everlasting security of Slavery, prove its speedy destruction. For, if such a war do ensue, it will be a war of emancipation. The peace of this continent, no more than the prosperity of this country, can never be secure without emancipation. The true interests of the Republic, as well as the laws of God and the rights of man, demand that the authors of a great national crime should be restrained for time to come. This is daily admitted by the wisest men, and purest patriots in the circle of my acquaintance. I have no manner of doubt that a vast majority of the people of the free States, (shame on them for creating the necessity that it be done by foreign hands,) "would be glad to see it." This state of the public mind is eminently propitious to the progress of the Anti-Slavery cause, and I am strongly persuaded that events are not far ahead which will suddenly quicken that disposition.

With no abatement of personal or Anti-Slavery love, I remain,

Yours, for the right, and the wronged,
DAVID LEE CHILD.

To the Executive Committee, A. A. S. S.

Charles C. Burleigh offered the following resolution, and addressed the meeting in its support:

Resolved, That we regard the Constitution of the American Union as a bond of alliance with unparalleled despotism, and unsurpassed iniquity; that obedience to its requirements bearing upon Slavery, is inconsistent with our duty to the slave, to his master, to our country, our race, and our God; and as that which we cannot rightfully do, it is wrong for us to promise, we feel bound by our reverence for human rights, and our allegiance to the Divine Government, to refuse any longer adhesion to this unrighteous compact.

W. L. Garrison followed C. C. Burleigh in support of the following resolution:

Whereas, the uncompromising Abolitionists of the United States are accused of being infidels and disorganizers, by the religious and political leaders of the people; therefore,

Resolved, That when the future historian of the Anti-Slavery movement shall give to the world an impartial sketch of their infidel and disorganizing conduct, it will be found to have been marked by the following traits:—They strenuously defended the Bible against the charge of sanctioning or conniving at the enslavement of any portion of the human family—they affirmed that man-stealers, man-buyers, and slaveholders, were "sinners of the first rank," and therefore not Christians—they insisted that the Church of Christ could never be a slaveholding church, but must necessarily ever be found on the side of the oppressed—they denied that those clergymen were the ministers of Christ, who held their fellow-men in bondage, or who received into their fellowship those who made merchandize of human bodies and immortal spirits, or who resisted the immediate and total abolition of Slavery, or who refused to open their mouths for the suffering and the dumb—they held that a man was of more value than a sheep, and therefore that it was a righteous act to extricate him from the pit of cruelty on the first day of the week, even though called the Sabbath, as well as on any other day—they taught, that loving mercy, doing justly, walking humbly before God, undoing heavy burdens, and letting the oppressed go free, were duties infinitely transcending the performance of temple worship, religious rites and ceremonies, and the observance of days, times, and seasons—they maintained that the Government which held a large portion of the people in chains and slavery, was essentially despotic and insupportable, and ought to be instantly superseded by a free and equitable Government—they represented it to be a wild and guilty experiment, to attempt to unite the foes and the advocates of Slavery in one political compact, because such discordant elements never could coalesce, nor exist peaceably together under the same Constitution—and, finally, that a compact, which was framed in accordance with the wishes of the most relentless oppressors, and continued only by a faithful execution of its iniquitous provisions, was, in the expressive language of Scripture, "a covenant with death, and an agreement with hell."

Parker Pillsbury also presented a resolution, and spoke in its favor. It is as follows:

Resolved, That this Society rejoices in the present declining state of American religion, inasmuch as it voluntarily comes forth to baptize, and to sanctify Slavery, which Mahommedanism abolishes, and Catholicism condemns; and that it will endeavor to warn the world, particularly the so-called heathen portion of it, against its influence, especially as being extended by the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, whose definitions, and defence of Slavery have proved the depravity of that body to be unparalleled in the history of the nations they are laboring to convert.

The closing speech of the session was made by Abby Kelley Foster. She was, however, interrupted, and the audience dispersed by an alarm of fire, which proceeded from some "incendiary" matter beneath the stage, and which was, without doubt, ignited by an incendiary. Adjourned to 4 o'clock, P. M.

AFTERNOON SESSION.—Meeting convened at half past 3 o'clock.

William Lloyd Garrison, the President, in the Chair. J. C. Hathaway was appointed Secretary pro tem.

Edmund Quincy, Henry Bush, Lydia Mott, Paulina S. Wright, Edwin Fussell, Samuel Brooke, Loring Moody, were appointed to nominate officers of this Society for the ensuing year.

The following persons were appointed a Committee to prepare business for the meeting:

Parker Pillsbury, Abby Kelley Foster, S. S. Foster, C. C. Burleigh, Caroline Weston, W. L. Garrison, Edmund Quincy, Otis R. Potter, Francis Jackson, Isaac Winslow, Emily Winslow, Thomas Donaldson, Samuel Brooke, Betsey Cole, Joseph Carpenter, S. H. Gay, Robert Purvis, Edwin Fussell, Grace Ann Lewis, J. C. Hathaway, Loring Moody, Thomas T. Stone, Oliver Johnson, C. L. Remond, Abigail Mott, James Munroe, Eliza F. Merriam, Anson H. Steward, Leonard Mitchell, Lucia Weston, William Shew, L. Patton, Thomas Van Rensselaer, George Doughty, Jeanette Brown, Paulina S. Wright, Mary Ann Johnson, J. Miller McKim, Edward M. Davis.

Loring Moody, Samuel Brooke, and Jacob Paxton, were appointed a Committee on the Roll and Finance.

Letters were read from the Executive Committee of the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society, from James C. Cleveland, and Thomas Earle. The two last were referred to the Executive Committee. The following was read:

PHILADELPHIA, May 11, 1846.

To the Executive Committee of American A. S. Society:

DEAR FRIENDS, AND FELLOW-LABORERS:—On behalf of the Executive Committee of the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society, I have the pleasure of transmitting to you the enclosed sum of two hundred dollars. Our Committee deeply regret that they will not be represented at the Anniversary meeting, and desire to express their continued interest in all that concerns the Society of which we are a constituent part, and their earnest desire to co-operate with you, to the extent of their ability, for the promotion of the cause to which both you and they are devoted. They trust that the small sum now transmitted to the treasury of the National Society, is but an earnest of the pecuniary assistance which they will be able to render the Society, in future.

On behalf of the Committee,
MARY GREW, Cor. Sec'y.

After remarks by Abby Kelley Foster, W. L. Garrison, S. S. Foster, and others, the meeting adjourned to 10 o'clock, to-morrow morning.

FIFTH MONTH 13.—MORNING SESSION.—Meeting convened pursuant to adjournment.

The minutes of the last session were read and approved.

Thomas Van Rensselaer offered the following preamble and resolutions:

Whereas, a crisis has arrived in the history of this country, whether the spirit of Liberty or the dark spirit of Slavery shall hereafter rule this nation—and whereas, the Constitution of the country, all the political parties, and the religion of the country, are found on the side of Slavery, therefore

Resolved, That the only hope for the *slave*, and security to the free, in this land, is found in the American Anti-Slavery Society's Declaration of "NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS."

Resolved, That every man and woman in the free States who refuses to co-operate with this Society for the overthrow of this Government, prove themselves to be on the side of Slavery.

They were supported by the mover, and Parker Pillsbury. Henry Grew moved the following amendment—after the word "Government," in the second resolution, insert the words "by moral and pacific means only."

The amendment was supported by the mover, and opposed by W. L. Garrison, and S. S. Foster.

The amendment and resolutions were laid upon the table, to give opportunity for William Lloyd Garrison, on behalf of the Business Committee, to report the following Appeal:

AN APPEAL TO THE FRIENDS OF JUSTICE, HUMANITY, PEACE, AND LIBERTY, IN THE UNITED STATES.

A message from the President to Congress announces to the country, that the United States and Mexico are now at war, in consequence of hostilities commenced, as it is alleged, on the part of the Mexican forces.

Reference is made in the message to "the long continued and unredressed wrongs and injuries committed by the Mexican Government on citizens of the United States, in their persons and property;" and it is declared by the President, that "we are called upon, by every consideration of duty and patriotism, to vindicate with decision the honor, the rights, and the interests of our country." He "invokes the prompt action of Congress to recognize the existence of the war, and to place at the disposition of the Executive the means of prosecuting the war with vigor."

Congress has promptly responded to the call of the President, by the passage of a bill, authorizing him to organize an army of volunteers not exceeding fifty thousand, and appropriating the sum of ten millions of dollars to meet the expenses of the war.

What, under these circumstances, is the duty of the friends of Justice, Humanity, Peace, and Liberty, in the United States?

It is not to adopt the profligate motto:—"OUR COUNTRY, RIGHT OR WRONG." No party that is in the wrong, ought to be sustained, or countenanced in any manner, but should be rebuked and left unaided.

This country is notoriously, infamously in the wrong. Mexico is palpably, indisputably in the right. Hers is a war strictly in self-defence, and for self-preservation as a free and independent republic. On the part of the American Government, it is a war of aggression, of invasion, of conquest, and rapine—marked by ruffianism, perfidy, and every other feature of national depravation—and waged solely for the detestable and horrible purpose of extending and perpetuating American Slavery throughout the vast territory of Mexico.

The representation of the President, that Mexico is the aggressor, finds an exact parallel, as to its veracity, in the fable of the wolf, who denounced and tore in pieces the lamb, that was drinking at the same stream below him for muddying the water.—It is false and foul as the spirit of evil can make it. The world knows it to be so; the country is conscious of its untruthfulness; the President cannot be sincere in making it.

Wrongs, innumerable—wrongs of the most aggravated character—wrongs which have been submitted to with a forbearance unexampled in the history of nations—have been inflicted upon Mexico by the United States, for a long series of years, having for their object the ultimate extinction of that Republic, BECAUSE SHE TOLERATES NO SLAVE ON HER SOIL!

Texas, an immense and rightful portion of her territory, was treacherously settled and violently dissevered, by citizens of the United States, and annexed to this country in flagrant violation of the Constitution, against the solemn remonstrances of many of the States, and to the eternal infamy of the American people.

Yet Mexico forbore to wage war with the United States, on that account, though claiming for herself the right to do so at her option, to preserve her independence and defend her sovereignty.

Finding that she remained passive, and determined to provoke her into hostilities, so that a pretext might be found for making a more extended seizure of her territory, the United States troops were ordered by the Executive to march to the very border of the Rio del Norte, far beyond the limits ever known or recognized as a part of Texas proper. Hostile batteries were erected directly within range of Matamoras, and all the demonstrations of war made in the most wanton and aggravated manner. For refusing any longer to be invaded, and plundered with impunity, the President of the United States unblushingly declares that Mexico has declared war against us, and calls for her chastisement in the most summary manner! This is the climax of fiction and brutality. It has not been given to human reason to invent, or the human tongue to utter, language adequate to describe it.

Friends of Justice! In this unholy war, it devolves upon you, as a sacred duty, to do all that in you lies, by righteous means, to bring it to an immediate termination by paralyzing the arm of Government, and demanding that the war cease.

Friends of Humanity! It is for you to protest against this war, in the name of God, and to give no countenance to it—unmoved by the clamors of the vile, and undeterred by any of the mandates of the Government. Your allegiance to God, and your relations to man, transcend all geographical lines, and are paramount to all governmental requisitions. "Go not with the multitude to do evil," and abhor bloody and deceitful men.

Friends of Peace! You claim to be men of principle—opposed to war under all circumstances—the advocates of the brotherhood of the human race—the imitators of Jesus, the Prince of Peace! On you specially devolves the duty, at this awful crisis, to lift up your tones against this war of unparalleled enormity; to meet in public and solemn convocations to register your testimony against it, that your hands may not be stained with blood; to remonstrate with the Government against its iniquitous course; and to spare no pains to discourage and prevent any fresh enlistments in the army.

Friends of Liberty! This is a war waged in behalf of Slavery—a war to erect shambles on the free soil of an emancipated people, in which men, women, and children, may be sold at auction in lots to suit purchasers—a war to add to the millions now groaning in chains, other millions to be stripped of every right, scarred, mutilated, and associated with four-footed beasts—a war to extirpate Christianity, to institute and cherish heathenism, and to fill the continent with tyranny, pollution, and crime. *You* will never participate in it! *You* will not cheer on this guilty land in such a war! Your sympathies, your prayers, your efforts, will not be found on the side of the oppressor, but of the oppressed! Your motto is, "God and Liberty!" For "God and Liberty," then, dare to suffer and die; and, be the consequences what they may, give no support to this piratical war upon injured Mexico.

John Pierpont advocated the sentiments contained in the Appeal. Said he was ready to put his name to it, and have it published to the world—that he was willing to stand by it, and rise or sink with it, &c. C. C. Burleigh followed, in favor of the Appeal, which was supported by Abby Kelley Foster, Samuel Brooke, and others. Pending this discussion, the meeting adjourned to 3 o'clock, P. M.

AFTERNOON SESSION.—The meeting convened pursuant to adjournment.

The discussion on the Appeal was resumed. It took a wide range, embracing the whole question of Anti-Slavery—particularly the action and position of the religious organizations of the country, as bearing upon Slavery.

Adjourned to 10 o'clock, to-morrow morning.

FIFTH MONTH 14.—MORNING SESSION.—The meeting convened pursuant to adjournment. The Appeal was read, and the discussion resumed. The Appeal was adopted.

Committee on Nominations made the following Report, and the persons named therein were appointed accordingly:

President—WM. LLOYD GARRISON, Boston.

Vice Presidents—Oliver Dennet, Maine; Wm. P. Tilden, New Hampshire; Rowland T. Robinson, Vermont; Francis Jackson, Massachusetts; Asa Fairbanks, Rhode Island; John Gunn, Connecticut; Joseph C. Hathaway, New-York; Robert Purvis, Pennsylvania; B. Rush Plumly, New Jersey; Thomas Garrett, Delaware; Thomas Donaldson, Ohio; David Wilson, Indiana; Robert Stewart, Illinois; Zephaniah Platt, Michigan.

Corresponding Secretary—Sydney Howard Gay.

Recording Secretary—Wendell Phillips.

Treasurer—Francis Jackson.

Managers.—Newal A. Foster, Ruth Morrill, Maine; Luther Melendy, Parker Pillsbury, Amos Wood, New Hampshire; Sumner Lincoln, James Slaton, Vermont; Seth Sprague, James N. Buffum, Amos Farnsworth, Andrew Robeson, Bourne Spooner, George W. Benson, Massachusetts; Joseph Sisson, Rhode Island; George Sharpe, Butler N. Strong, Luther Bartlett, Connecticut; Thomas McClintock, S. J. May, Joseph Post, Daniel Carmichael, Mary Springstead, Isaac Post, Samuel A. Green, New-York; Lucas Gillingham, John Atkinson, New Jersey; James M. McKim, Elijah Pennypacker, William H. Johnson, Jonathan P. Magill, Edwin Fussell, Pennsylvania; Joseph A. Dugdale, David Galbraith, Lydia Irish, Abraham Allen, Ohio; Mary Ann Swain, Clarkson Puckett, Indiana.

Executive Committee—William Lloyd Garrison, Francis Jackson, Wendell Phillips, Maria Weston Chapman, Edmund Quincy, Charles L. Remond, Anne Warren Weston, William Henry Channing, Eliza Lee Follen, Sarah Pugh, Sydney Howard Gay, James Russell Lowell.

The Treasurer's Report was called up and adopted.

The Annual Report was referred to the Executive Committee for publication.

The following resolution was then offered and adopted, after donations and pledges were made,

amounting, in addition to collections previously taken, to $800 97:

Resolved, That in view of the present exigencies of the cause, and the plan for the campaign of the ensuing year, we will raise the sum of $10,000; and the Executive Committee be instructed to confer with the Executive Committees of the various State Societies, as to the proportion which they should contribute of this sum.

The resolutions discussed at the Tabernacle, by Garrison and Burleigh, were adopted.

Roll and Subscription to defray the Expenses.

D. Carmichael,	$2 00
Francis Jackson,	3 00
Eliza F. Merriam,	1 00
A friend,	1 00
Nicholas Hilleck,	50
Mrs. Hilleck,	50
George Doughty,	2 00
John Ketchum,	1 00
A friend,	25
A friend,	25
Mary Springstead,	50
F. C. Mansfield,	50
A friend,	12 1-2
Mr. Brook collected	17 00
J. L. Taxon, "	11 93
Joseph A. Howland,	1 00
Thomas Van Rensselaer,	1 00
J. Miller McKim,	1 00
William Reavely,	50
A friend,	1 00
Sarah D. Fiske,	1 00
Mary Wallace,	25
George Doughty,	1 00
Cash,	25
Cash,	25
Cash,	2 00
Cash,	50
Cash,	1 06
John Lee,	1 00
A friend,	25
Cash,	50
Mary Donaldson,	2 00
Jane Lowell,	50
Cash,	6
A. F. Conant,	25
Cash,	25
Hester Augustus,	1 00
Cash,	25
Caroline Weston,	50
Lucia Weston,	50
M. A. W. Johnson,	1 00
Jennette Brown,	50
A friend,	50
H. Bush,	1 00
A. Mott,	1 00
R. Purvis,	1 00
A friend,	1 00
R. Goss,	1 00
George W. Simonds,	1 50
Enoch Pillsbury,	1 00
R. A. Simmons,	12 1-2
A friend,	12 1-2
A friend,	1 00
Cash,	3 00
Joseph Carpenter,	1 00
Cash,	25
J. C. Hathaway,	1 00
Edmund Quincy,	1 00
S. H. Gay,	1 00
Anson H. Stuart,	50
William Shew,	1 00
R. Willits,	1 00
M. W. Post,	1 00
Joseph Post,	1 00
Henry Grew,	1 00
Edwin and R. L. Fussell,	1 00
Graceanna Lewis,	1 00
H. Winslow,	1 00
Emelie Winslow,	1 00
William S. Hempstead,	1 00
Thomas Donaldson,	50
Cash,	25
C. Prince,	50
Cash,	18 3-4
J. G. Paxson, and E. S. Paxson,	1 00
C. B. Porter,	50
Cash,	50

Donations.

Lucia Mariott, Hudson,	5 00
Maria Mariott, Hudson,	5 00
Margaret M. Hyatt, Hudson,	5 00
G. Lewis,	5 00
John Ketchum, Long Island,	5 00
Joseph Post, "	10 00
George Doughty, Long Island,	10 00
Paulina S. Wright, Philadelphia,	5 00
Samuel S. Wright, "	1 00

The following resolutions were also taken up and adopted:

Resolved, That no party in this country can be a Liberty party, except in name, but must, from the nature of the alliance, be a pro-slavery party in fact, which seeks office and power under the present Constitution of the United States.

Resolved, That we have witnessed with admiration and sympathy the courageous and generous course of Cassius M. Clay, of Kentucky, and of J. E. Snodgrass, of Maryland; and that we bid them God-speed in their conflict with Slavery on the very soil it blasts; and that while we do full justice to the sincerity with which they hold, as well as to the ability with which they maintain, their Anti-Slavery principles, we would still express the hope, and the belief, that a yet longer experience of the character of Slavery, will lead them up to the ground occupied by this Society, and make our watchword theirs, "NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS!"

Resolved, That the imprisonment of the Rev. Charles T. Torrey in the penitentiary of Maryland, for assisting in the escape of slaves, an act in itself right and praiseworthy, demonstrates anew the necessary antagonism of Slavery to republicanism, religion, and common humanity; and that the protracted death to which he was subjected for this meritorious action, is justly chargeable to the wicked complicity of the American States, and to the more guilty consent of the American Church, in the crime of slaveholding

Whereas, when a faithful, intrepid, veteran pioneer in the Anti-Slavery cause is called from his earthly field of toil to his just reward in "another and a better world," it is due to his memory to notice his decease in terms of merited respect and gratitude;—therefore,

Resolved, That this Society desires to place on record its deep sense of the remarkable clearness of vision, the extraordinary moral heroism, the untiring labors, and unceasing sacrifices, the meritorious deserts of that early and devoted pioneer in the cause of immediate and unconditional emancipation, the late venerable GEORGE BOURNE, of this city, whose death has occurred since our last anniversary.

Resolved, That in the agitation which has pervaded the State of New-York, since the Convention for the amendment of its Constitution has been in question, on the subject of the restoration of their civil rights to its colored citizens, and in the numerous instances it has afforded of men preferring humanity and consistent republicanism to their party ties, on this subject, we recognize a fresh proof of the growing success of our labors, and of the progress of Anti-Slavery principles in the general mind.

Resolved, That although the political complexion of the Convention is such as to afford but faint hopes that impartial justice will as yet be done in this behalf, the friends of equal rights should not be disheartened nor discouraged in their agitation of this great question, remembering that the decision of the Convention is yet liable to be reversed at the ultimate appeal to the sovereign people; and that, should the voice of the majority sanction the wrong, the eternal right will remain unchanged, and should never be left without perpetual protest and vindication until it shall finally and gloriously prevail.

Resolved, That we have witnessed with the highest satisfaction and pleasure the Anti-Slavery career of our beloved friend, Henry C. Wright, during his residence in the British Islands, and that we believe his labors to have been of inestimable value to the universal interests of our cause.

Resolved, That we return our cordial thanks to the faithful Abolitionists of Great Britain and Ireland, for the hospitable reception they have extended to our valued friends, Frederick Douglass, and James N. Buffum, and for the heartiness of their good will and co-operation in promoting the objects of their Anti-Slavery mission.

Resolved, That we do entirely approve the course of Messrs. Wright, Douglass, and Buffum, in uniting with the tried friends of the slave in Scotland, in their exertions to unmask and bring to shame the time-serving and pro-slavery conduct of the delegates of the Free Church while in the United States, and of the hypocritical inconsistency of those that sustain and defend it at home.

Resolved, That the thanks of the American slave, and of his true friends, will be forever due to those faithful and uncompromising Abolitionists of Scotland, and especially to the Glasgow Emancipation Society, for their noble efforts to expose the guilt and folly of the seceding church in receiving the contributions of American man-stealers for their pious uses; and that we trust that they will not relax their exertions until the leaders of that Church shall be compelled, by the omnipotence of an enlightened public sentiment, to hear and obey the righteous demand—"SEND BACK THAT BLOOD-STAINED MONEY!"—knowing, as we do, that by this act they will give to the slaveholders, and to their religious allies at the North, the rebuke and the testimony which they fear the most.

Whereas, the emissaries of the American Colonization Society are abroad in the North, representing the great object of the Colonization movement to be a purely missionary one, for the diffusion of Christian light and knowledge, and therefore such as may be laudably sustained by all classes of the people, without any reference to the question of Anti-Slavery or pro-slavery; therefore,

Resolved, That this Society registers its testimony afresh against the American Colonization Society, against all its auxiliaries, and against all those who are representing the scheme of African colonization, as essentially changed in its spirit and object, as foul and wicked conspirators, animated by an unappeasable and brutal prejudice, using the guise of Christianity to conceal their criminal purpose, strengthening the chains of Slavery, and retarding the spread of the Gospel of Christ.

Parker Pillsbury offered and advocated the following resolution, which was adopted:

Resolved, That the recent victory of John P. Hale, in New Hampshire, in a conflict wholly on the question of Slavery, by the annexation of Texas, is a striking demonstration of advancing public sentiment in favor of liberty, and humanity, and a most emphatic warning and rebuke of those, who, like the Democrats of that State, sell themselves to the unrighteous despotism of the South.

A resolution was offered and advocated by S. H. Gay, in relation to the course of J. R. Giddings. Some discussion ensued thereon; S. S. and A. K. Foster, objected to any word of commendation being given by this Society to any man who was not strictly in unity with us in the position which we occupied. W. L. Garrison, and S. H. Gay maintained the opposite, and insisted that J. R. Giddings deserved commendation, as a friend of the slave, and for acting up to his own convictions of duty. An amendment was offered by A. K. Foster, that "false" be inserted immediately preceding "position," and the amendment was adopted. A motion was also made to insert the names of some other members of Congress, but it was objected to, as they had done comparatively little to prove their fidelity to the cause of Liberty. The resolution, as passed, is as follows:

Resolved, That we congratulate the friends of the slave everywhere, that among the faithless many to the cause of Liberty and the rights of the North in the councils of the nation, that one man at least, J. R. Giddings, is as faithful as his false position will permit him to be to his duty.

On motion of J. Miller McKim, the Executive Committee were requested to send to the Bey of Tunis a letter, congratulating him upon the benevolent act of giving liberty to the slaves of that country, thereby setting a noble example to Christian (?) America.

On motion of Abby Kelley Foster, the auxiliaries to this Society are requested to use vigorous means to prevent the enlistment of our citizens to go to Texas, &c.

At three o'clock, P. M. the meeting adjourned, sine die.

WM. LLOYD GARRISON, President,
JOSEPH C. HATHAWAY, Secretary.

Speeches at the Tabernacle.

The twelfth anniversary of the American Anti-Slavery Society, was celebrated in the Broadway Tabernacle, on Tuesday, May 12th. The audience was very large, and was composed in part of ladies, who evinced a deep interest in the exercises.

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON, President of the Society, called the meeting to order at ten o'clock, A. M. and remarked:—

I congratulate the American Anti-Slavery Society on the return of another anniversary. I think that those who are on the side of Slavery, have no doubt in their own minds that we have made some progress towards the abolition of Slavery during the past year. I believe there is no slaveholder and no apologist for Slavery in our country, who does not really think, and know, that there is no blow made by this society against the slave system, which does not tell upon it; and so long as the society shall remain true to its principles, and true to its past history, the slave has reason to rejoice in his chains, and the task-master to apprehend that the time for the overthrow of his power is at hand.

In regard to some of the speakers who have been announced, and expected to address us on this occasion, I regret to say that we are disappointed. Mr. Wendell Phillips has been detained on account of illness, and Mr. C. Lenox Remond, for the same reason. I presume, however, that we shall have no lack of able and interesting speakers.

We have no set form in regard to religious observances, but desire that all may feel free to utter their own views and feelings in vocal prayer if they desire to do so. An opportunity will therefore be given, if any one desires to offer prayer; if not we shall proceed to our business. The opportunity for prayer not being embraced,

FRANCIS JACKSON, of Boston, presented the Treasurer's report, which, on motion of Mr. Johnson, was laid on the table.

EDMUND QUINCY, of Dedham, Mass. in the absence of the Foreign Corresponding Secretary, then read a few extracts from the Annual Report of the society. After which,

SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, read letters from DAVID LEE CHILD, of Northampton, Mass. and the Hon. J. R. GIDDINGS, of Washington.

Some demonstrations of discordant feeling having been exhibited during the reading of these letters, Mr. Garrison arose, and said:—Before we proceed to the speeches, I wish to remind this assembly that the occasion which has brought us together, is a solemn and sublime one, and I trust that during the speaking there will be a disposition, throughout the audience, and in the breast of every one present, to give a candid and impartial hearing. We are here for the purpose of avowing our principles and defending our doctrines as Abolitionists; and I take it that those who are not Abolitionists, if there are any such here—which may God forbid—should earnestly, and honestly desire to know what we are, what we want, and what we mean, God helping us, to have. We want, therefore, a candid and impartial hearing. I heard a few hisses in this assembly; all I have to say in behalf of the American Anti-Slavery Society is, that if there are those present who can find relief to their souls in no other way than by hissing, we give them leave to do so to their heart's content. We have no constabulatory force to resist them. If they wish to act the part of the riotous and lawless they can do so, and expose themselves to the penalties of the law, and the upbraidings of their own consciences.

I wish to introduce to the audience a faithful laborer in the cause of freedom—a long-tried friend of the slave—

CHARLES C. BURLEIGH, of Pennsylvania. Mr. B. was heartily welcomed by the audience, and proceeded:—I regret that I am called forward to take the place of one, who, if sickness had not prevented his presence here, would so much more acceptably have filled the post I now occupy. But as in war, brave soldiers are ever ready to take the place of those who have fallen, so, as a faithful soldier in the cause of freedom, when one of our number has been disabled, I feel that I have no right to withdraw, however feeble to sustain the shock of battle, however inadequate to supply the lack which has been occasioned by his fall. The little time I propose to occupy this morning, I intend to devote to the consideration of the subject of the following resolution. [See official report.]

You know that the American Anti-Slavery Society have for some time past occupied this ground which the political leaders of the land, and demagogues of the country, are so very fond of naming treason. They call us traitors. They call us traitors for the same reason, or rather for a reason like in kind, though differing vastly in degree,—for which the officers of some petty corporation within the bounds of your State, would denounce one of their members as a traitor, if, in obedience to the laws of the State, he should refuse to obey some unconstitutional, illegal by-law of the corporation. This is our treason against the Government of the United States—treason against the Government of the United States because the Government is traitorous to humanity—treason, because the Government is rebellious against God—treason, because the Government is false even to its own avowed principles; and we hold with the immortal poet, that

"The traitor to humanity is the traitor most accursed.
Man is more than Constitutions; better rot beneath the sod,
Than be true to Church and State, while we 're doubly false to God."

This is our principle, and so long as God gives us strength to maintain, and courage to avow it, we mean to be just such traitors as this makes us to be. We, then, instead of acknowledging ourselves criminals—instead of pleading guilty to the indictment which has been drawn up against us—cast back the imputation. We arraign the Government of the United States at the bar of public opinion—at the bar of the nations of the earth—at the bar of posterity—as treasonable—treasonable against the doctrines of its declaration of independence—treasonable against the principles of human rights—treasonable against the doctrines of Jesus Christ—treasonable against the truth of God, and the principles of divine law.

We say that the Constitution of the United States is a bond of union with unrivalled despotism. We look in vain elsewhere for a system of such pure, unmingled despotism as that which prevails in this country in the midst of republican institutions. You may talk about Nicholas of Russia, and shed crocodile tears over the lot of poor Poland. You may denounce the Emperor as an autocrat, and pour out the vials of your wrath on the head of him who is sending millions to famish and die in the cold and barren climes of Siberia; but every denunciation upon his head comes thundering back upon your own with ten thousand fold reverberations—echoed from every hill-top of his dominions—ringing from every mountain and valley of Siberia. You may talk of Russian despotism and Turkish cruelty; you may

"Ask of Constantine
To loose his grasp on Poland's throat,
And beg the lord of Mahmoud's line
To spare the struggling Suliote,"

but

"Will not the scorching answer come
From turban'd Turk, or fiery Russ—
Go, loose your fettered slaves at home,
Then come and ask the like of us." (Applause.)

What is this Slavery of ours? I will in a very few words present clear and incontrovertible proof that it is a system of despotism, in comparison with which, the Autocracy of Russia is Democracy dyed in the wool—proof equal in certainty to a mathematical demonstration of Euclid. And I'll take your own definition of republicanism, and of Slavery to make out the case. You say in the Declaration of Independence, that Government derives its just power from the consent of the governed—that Governments are bound to use this power for the good of the governed—to protect the rights of the governed. This is my starting-point. On this point contrast the Slavery of this country, as defined in the slave-code, with the autocracy of Russia. You say Nicholas is no Democrat because he don't ask the people's consent to his rule—because he claims to rule by the divine right of kings. Very well. But he rules for the welfare of his subjects—at any rate he says so,—and not for his own aggrandizement. That is his theory, and if his practice don't conform to his theory, we can't condemn the Constitution of Russia on that ground. It is employed theoretically for the good of the governed. But with the slave—all he is, has, or can acquire, belongs to his master. The master can sell him at pleasure—sever the dearest ties of kindred for paltry gain—and use him as the gratification of his own base desires may demand. If you have any doubt on this subject, I turn you over to the authoritative exposition of the slave-code, given by one who sat on the bench of the Supreme Court of one of our slave States, and which has been practically the rule of all the courts of those States, from the beginning. The Supreme Court of North Carolina has specifically decided that the relation of the master and slave has for its sole purpose the interest of the master—that the good of the slave does not enter into the question. We have our case, then, made out—Slavery does not derive its authority from the consent of the governed: it does not exist for the good of the governed, but solely for the interest of the governor.

Here, then, is the difference. The despotism of Nicholas conforms to one of the two elements of Democracy. It has for its object the good of the governed. The despotism of John C. Calhoun, and Henry Clay, conforms to neither. In comparison, then, with these so-called Democrats of the nation, Nicholas is a republican, while they are autocrats. You may say they are equal among themselves. So are Nicholas, and Ferdinand, and Francis—they are equal among themselves. The only difference is this:—they have fewer despots and more vassals, we more despots and fewer vassals.

Well now this Constitution of ours binds this whole country into an alliance with despotism. The evidence is too plain for successful denial—I should say for reasonable doubt, had I not seen those whom I regard as reasonable men, entertain doubt. What is the evidence? This Constitution requires us to give back the runaway to his master—to put down the attempt of the slave to acquire his liberty in imitation of the example of our forefathers. If the slave should learn, from the Constitution of Maryland, that "the doctrine of passive non-resistance to tyrants is false and absurd," and should be bold enough to imitate the example of Washington, and rise to assert his liberty—the freemen of the North are bound, under oath, to march to his suppression.

Again; in your Constitution, for twenty years you pledged security to the African Slave-Trade, which you now call piracy. You are thus made, by your own declaration, a nation of pirates. For if the Slave-Trade is piracy now, it was always piracy. Declaring it so did not make it so. If a man should make a beast of himself by drunkenness for ten years, and then reform, and confess that excessive drinking is pernicious and brutalizing, would that prove that it was not so before? or that he was not a drunkard till he confessed it? Certainly not.

But we are told sometimes, in reply to all this, that the Constitution does not mean all that we charge upon it, because the word slave is not to be found in it. Because the word slave is not in the Constitution, therefore it does not uphold Slavery—therefore it is anti-slavery. Grant that the word slave is not in the Constitution; I deny that it follows that the Constitution is not for Slavery. It is very easy to disguise ideas in a circumlocution of words, designed to hide any enormity. There is no difficulty in devising words, the difficulty is to make them conceal the enormity. There is no difficulty in stealing the livery of the court of Heaven to serve the Devil in; the difficulty lies in keeping the cloven foot from peeping out from beneath the comely drapery. You say the words slave and slaveholder are not in the Constitution—but words *are* there, which, in their meaning, *include* slaves and Slavery. The Constitution talks about those held to service and labor. Does not this refer to slaves? But you say that this phrase designates all manner of servants. If so, then the phrase which includes all manner of servants, includes this particular class; therefore slaves are included, and are to be given up under the statutes of the several States. And so the Constitution is universally understood in regard, also, to the suppression of acts of violence. It don't say, in these very words, we must put down an insurrection of the slaves; but if an insurrection occurs, it is an act of "domestic violence," and hence we are bound to suppress it. We are bound to suppress it, though they march in defence of the principles of '76 to gain their freedom. We are bound to suppress it, though in doing so we should be called upon to dip in the innocent blood of liberty, the very weapons of our sires, covered with the gore of the defenders of tyranny, shed in the nation's struggle for independence. We are bound to suppress it, though we march to the contest over the very fields now fresh with a brighter greenness from the mouldering remains of our forefathers, who died there for liberty. Though your step, as you go, ringing hollow over their graves, should rouse the spirits of your slumbering sires to cry out against the sacrilege—still you are bound to trample over them to put down the spirit of liberty in the South. (Cheers.) You know that if Eutaw should again be consecrated to the blood of liberty—if Camden and Yorktown should once more become the battle field for the recovery of trampled rights—you are bound to come to the help of the tyrant—you are bound to tread triumphantly in the dust, the palpitating hearts of those who are panting and struggling for freedom You know that the Constitution requires it; for such was the meaning of your fathers, when they adopted the compact for perpetuating Slavery.

A contract is always to be understood as the parties intended it should be at the time of making it. Now, what did the parties who entered into this compact understand by it? Take, for instance, the clause concerning fugitives from service or labor. They meant that it should refer to the runaway slave. This is proved by the language of the framers and adopters of the Constitution. The whole people understand it so, as is plain from their uniform practice. When the South claims her runaway slave, she has had only to point to the Constitution for authority, and her claim has been allowed. The people have admitted that this was the bargain. The courts of justice, too, have always so decided. We have, then, as proof of the compact, that the framers of the Constitution so understood it—courts of justice so understood it—acts of the Executive, and all authorities, from that time to the present, have thus sanctioned it. Yea, the voice of ninety-nine hundredths of the entire people of this nation, at the present time, testify that this is its meaning, and of course, if this is the bargain they *meant* to make, it is the bargain they *did* make. Do you not know, then, that at this day you are required to yield your assistance in defence of the slave-system? And should somebody come and tell you it is not so, you would laugh at him. The people know that they have made this bargain. Now we say that we cannot give our assent to this compact against the authority of God. We therefore refuse to comply with the requisitions of the Constitution. We believe that duty does not require, but forbids us to give back the slave to his master. We therefore array ourselves against the Constitution; for in doing so, we believe we are obeying the will of our Divine Master.

This Constitution has always carried destruction to the friends of humanity. What set the branding-iron red hot on the palm of that noble friend of human rights, Jonathan Walker? What but the Constitution sent it hissing into the very bone, and burnt S. S. in the flesh of that man for obeying the command of his Saviour, to feed the hungry, and clothe the naked, and relieve the oppressed? In accordance with the Constitution, and by the hand of its minister, the United States Marshal, this outrage was perpetrated—its design, to set a mark of infamy upon that noble man, but its effect, to give him a title of honor which shall be read through all coming ages, the "SAVIOUR OF THE SLAVE." Or it may be portentious of the nation's doom, and be interpreted, your "SEVERED STATES."

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON then rose, and said:—I desire to be recognized here, everywhere, at all times and under all circumstances, as a Garrison Abolitionist; and I fancy that I have a legitimate claim to the appellation: nor will I shrink from it though now it is covered with popular odium, because I see in the future that the time is coming when it will have a triumphant vindication before the people of my own native land, and before the world. Sir, I hope to be understood by this audience.—I stand not here to apologize for anything that I may have said or done in the abolition cause. I stand not here as a matter of self-defence, or simply to vindicate those who are associated with me from the aspersions which have been cast upon them. I stand here to show that those accusations which have been brought against us in common are true not of ourselves, but that every one of them is false in regard to ourselves, and is true only of those who falsely bring the accusations. Sir, what is it to be a Garrison Abolitionist—if you will allow me to give a definition? If I listen to what the enemies of this great enterprise declare it to be, I shall tell you that it means everything that is base and unholy—it means everything satanic—everything at war with the Church of God, and the ministry of Jesus Christ—everything at war with a republican Government. In short, it is rebellion against God and treason towards man.—This is the definition put forth by those who have no sympathy with their fellow-men in bonds; and I take it that the simple fact alone that they have no sympathy with their enslaved countrymen, settles the question that their definition is false, and is to be held in contempt.—But what is it to be a Garrison Abolitionist? Now I understand such an Abolitionist to be one who regards man above all institutions, and organizations whatever—"him first—him last, him midst, and without end." I hold him to be one who is so lifted above all party influences—who is so released from all sectarian bonds—and seeing man as man, without any regard to his nativity, complexion, or condition—is resolved to take his position by the side of his brother man, high or low, rich or poor, freeman or slave, and never, *never*, under any pretext whatever, to abandon it—and this, this is the only definition of a true-hearted Abolitionist. Sir, what does the existence of Slavery in the United States imply? Why, Sir, remember the age of the system. How old is it? Is it a weak thing—a thing of yesterday—something which may be easily grappled with, if we are only careful and judicious about it; or has it on its head the hoary locks of age. Sir, it has grown with the growth, and strengthened with the strength of this country, since its discovery: it is more than two centuries old, and has multiplied its victims from a mere handful to millions, till now, vast as our population is, every sixth man is in chains. Again, what is the power of the slave system? People tell us there is no need of having the land shaken by assailing the power of this monster of iniquity—no need of creating an excitement—for the overthrow of that power. False! Do they know what liberty is? Do they know what the power of Slavery is? What is that mighty spirit which fills, pollutes the very atmosphere of this land, which directs every movement of politicians, which has taken full possession of the nominal Church—falsely called the Church of Jesus Christ—and there sits enthroned supreme! Slavery is the Dagon, worshipped throughout the land! It has taken possession of the Government from the beginning, and no party can hope for success which does not bow to the monster of Slavery; no man may aspire to a high station with his countrymen who does not renounce manhood and liberty, and join hands with Slavery—*no man!* Consequently, the whole country is subjugated to its irresistible power. Then what is the wealth of this great system? Clay tells us it is one hundred millions of dollars! Again, what are the assumptions of Slavery? Are they not awful, and impious beyond description? They dethrone God, and put arbitrary power in the hands of the slaveholder, to deal with men as brutes. They deprive its victims of the Bible, the Sabbath, religious instruction, and all the rights and privileges of humanity, except what despotic power may be pleased to afford them. Then, as to the character of Slavery, need I, in the presence of such an audience as I see before me, attempt to describe it? It is not robbery; it is not theft; it is not adultery; it is no one or ten crimes combined: it is the sin of sins. It comprehends all possible enmity to God—all possible contempt of man. The murderer in comparison with the slaveholder is innocent. The one does but a single act—the other knows no limit to outrage—adultery—concubinage. Slavery surpasses in wickedness anything which Sodom ever knew. It makes war with everything pure, and holy, and fills the land with desolation. What does its extent imply? In a word it implies that Church and State are rotten to the core. The State is not Republican—the Church is not Christian. Therefore all true Republicans and all true Christians are bound to seek their overthrow as incompatible with the good of man and the glory of God.

Now what is the complaint against the uncompromising Abolitionists, who stand on the platform of the American Anti-Slavery Society? It is not denied by the great mass of people at the North, that Slavery is wrong. It is admitted that it is a great evil, marked with robbery, fraud, and cruelty. Our guilt, then, consists in maintaining that slaveholding, under all circumstances, is a sin against God and an outrage against man. Our opponents contend that there may be, and are, cases of slaveholding which are removed from cruelty. Mr. Chairman, I care not what aspersions may be cast upon us. Now let them hurl their anathemas upon us because we are opposed to the Colonization Society. Now let them brand us as Jacobins, because we do not recognize a distinction of color. I care not what accusations may be heaped upon us—one thing I know, and the grand distinctive issue which I have to make, is, that every slaveholder is a man-stealer, and there can be, by no possibility, an innocent slaveholder, any more than there can be a sober drunkard, or an honest pirate. Slavery is opposed to liberty. You worship at the shrine of Liberty. You are freemen. Then you cannot worship at the shrine of Slavery. You cannot talk of Slavery, or think of it, without trembling. *Slavery is the antagonist of Liberty! Remember!* it never changes its character. It is always Slavery—*always Slavery*—ALWAYS SLAVERY! and nothing else. It is as truly so as the fact, that idolatry is *always* opposed to the true worship of God, and never can, by any kind of compromise, be made anything else. Slavery is as much the antagonist of liberty as sin of holiness. What man will come forward, and with brazen front contend, that although sin is a very bad affair, yet there may be circumstances under which the sinner may be guilty without blame? Such a man will sack the moral government of God. Such a man has not yet learned to distinguish between his right hand and his left. Take the crime of adultery. Is it sinful *under all circumstances*, or are there cases in which it may be indulged in without sin? It is opposed to purity, and when a man shall come forward, and attempt to prove that there are cases in which there may be an innocent adulterer, then do I see before me one who is ready to be an adulterer whenever it may suit his convenience. When a man tells me that Slavery, under all circumstances, is not sinful, I see in that man oppression, tyranny, and cruelty; and I only need to see him transferred to the South, to behold him the oppressor of his fellow-men. He is already a tyrant at heart. Slavery under all circumstances! What do you gain by adding the words "under all circumstances?" What is implied? Why, that Slavery, under *some* circumstances, is right. Theft is a sin; but is theft, therefore, under *some* circumstances, right? Such is the moral philosophy taught in your theological seminaries, and schools of morality, and it combines everything profligate and absurd.

Now, Sir, I lay it down as a self-evident proposition, that we must separate ourselves entirely from the slave-system, both in regard to our political and religious alliances—that we must not wait one single day in declaring our motto, "no union with the slaveholder." That people who will consent to strike hands with tyrants have no right to talk about freedom.

Mr. Chairman, I venture a prophecy on this occasion. It is that the future historian of the Anti-Slavery enterprise will record to the immortal honor of the uncompromising Abolitionists of these times—that so far from being disorganizers, or infidels, or traitors, they were men worthy the admiration of all who love liberty or fear God. It will be the task of the historian to speak in favor of the now aspersed Abolitionists. Not that they ran to the Bible to prove that it was right to make merchandise of God's image or to traffic in the souls of men. This would be infidelity. We vindicate the Bible against all such assumptions. But do not professors in our Theological Seminaries, and Doctors of Divinity run to the Bible to prove that abolitionism is wrong, and that Slavery is right—that Slavery is the new Jerusalem come down from God out of heaven? So far let the historian proclaim us Infidels in that we deny that men-stealers, and those who hold their fellow-men in bondage, can be members of the Church of Christ. The Church of Christ is and always was an Anti-Slavery church. She never looked with forbearance upon the oppression of the poor and needy; but has always been in the front of the battle, contending against tyranny. This is the infidelity of which we are guilty in regard to the Church of Christ. But we say that the American Church is a cage of unclean birds, a synagogue of Satan, and therefore ought to be assailed and repudiated. For she holds fellowship with slaveholders, and sits down to the communion table with them. Be not surprised at our charges against the American Church. I feel that after Slavery shall have been abolished (and God be praised it has got to be abolished) then our charges will be deemed to have been very feeble and inadequate. It will be said that we were too timid and cautious, and did not speak out in the full vigor of manliness as we should have done. I don't believe there will be a man in that day who will sit down to cavil at the Abolitionist for having denounced the American Church and the American clergy. I have said, and still say, that no true minister of Jesus Christ ever yet held slaves, or recognized slaveholding as born of God. The American clergy in striking hands with slaveholders, prove themselves religious impostors. We weigh well our words. They are a body of religious impostors. As for knowing Christ, they don't know him; as for loving Christ, they hate him; as for preaching the gospel, they trample it under their feet. They are the chief priests and Scribes and Pharisees who nailed Jesus to the cross, and they prefer Barrabas to the Son of God.

We have said further with regard to the Sabbath that it is a day worthy of being devoted the cause of the slave—that it ought to be employed in works of mercy. The clergy tell us that, like the Priest and Scribe, we should pass by on the other side and go up to our splendid temples and worship God. Worship! Such worship is blasphemy! Now, what is the religion we have assailed? I want to give you a specimen of it—would that there were time to give many—but one must suffice. I'll give you first a Southern specimen, then a Northern, in order that you may have the whole subject before you.

And here the speaker gave specimens of what it was at the South, by reading extracts from a letter written by a professing Christian slaveholder in Georgia, Sept. 1845, to a person living in the North, in which slave-whipping, and slave-selling and buying were whimsically mixed up with religious profession and exhortation. [This letter was vouched for by Mr. Foster, as authentic.] The specimens of the religion of the North, adduced by Mr. Garrison, were contained in a statement of Rev. Dr. Taylor, of Yale College, who said many things excusatory of Slavery, "under some circumstances;" and that Christ, if on earth, might be a slaveholder. And does not (asked he) the author of such a sentiment fairly belong to those who crucified Christ? He would tear off the mask from such Christians and reveal their hypocrisy. Mr. G. alluded to the writings of Moses Stuart, of Andover, and President Wayland, of R. I., in the same convention, and created some amusement at their expense, by making their apologies read for some other crime than slavery—adultery, for instance—and he parodied their writings in this way, and this comparison made many hiss, and as many applaud. At the hissing, when he was speaking of "adultery on Christian principles," he said he did not wonder that friends hissed at such abominable sentiments on the part of Northern divines; he wondered not that Northern men were ashamed to hear of such sentiments; and they *ought* to hiss them and their authors. The whole universe should unite to hiss them from the face of the earth—(Excellent)—and these are the men, said he, by whom I am accused of being infidel! After a few further remarks to the same purport Mr. G. closed by offering the following resolution:—[See Official Report.

The Anti-Slavery Standard.

NEWYORK, THURSDAY, MAY 21, 1846.

The Annual Meeting.

We give in another column of this week's paper, the official Report of the sayings and doings of the American Anti-Slavery Society, at the various sessions of its annual gathering. We commence also a report, by an able reporter, of the speeches at the Anniversary at the Tabernacle, which will be finished in the paper of next week. The Resolutions embodied in the first do not materially differ from those usually passed at Anti-Slavery meetings. But the distinctive and most important feature is the Address which the Society has adopted, and which is to be published upon a separate sheet, for a more general circulation than can be given to it through the columns of the Anti-Slavery newspapers. We would bespeak for it now the careful consideration of our readers, and ask of them, in behalf of the cause, that they will scatter it as widely as possible through their respective neighborhoods. Should the war, which is already commenced on our Mexican border, be protracted, and should it, which is by no means improbable, involve us in a struggle with one or more of the European powers, to carry out the spirit of this Address may be the heaviest cross which the Abolitionists have yet been called upon to bear. It is certain, at least, to be the occasion for heaping new obloquy upon our devoted heads, and if the spirit of the people at large may be judged of by that which is rampant at this moment in this city, something more than obloquy may fall to the lot of those who boldly and openly advocate the principles of the Address. "That is an able man," said a by-stander, of one of the speakers who was addressing the meeting at its first session in the Society Library, "but he will be hung for treason, before this war is over." The wish, perhaps, was father to the thought, and thousands, doubtless, would be glad of such a consummation of our labors.

Yet do we not believe that it is very likely to happen. We do not believe that we must hang together, that we may escape being hung separately. Strong as the war-fever now is upon the people, and rife as the pro-slavery sentiment is throughout the land, we do not believe but this Address may be widely circulated, and its doctrines everywhere, at the North, inculcated with perfect impunity. "I hear," said another—a gentleman who does not speak lightly, and whose position in society is such as to entitle his words to great weight—"I hear our leading men conversing upon the present aspect of affairs in this country, and their language and their views are not unlike those used and inculcated by Stephen Foster." We will take rather the words of this last person than those of the first, as an augury of the effect which the Address is likely to produce upon the people. The calm and considerate portion of the community, that which is governed in some sort by a high sense of national honor, by considerations of the public welfare, by a sentiment of moral responsibility, and a love of peace for its own sake, and is not intoxicated by the delusive hope of national conquest or individual gain, nor drunk with the thirst for blood, nor maddened by the cruel spirit of Slavery, will welcome, let it come from where it may, any movement that seems likely, in any degree, to check the progress of the nation in the downward path which it has chosen. The eyes of men are beginning to open, and to take in, in some faint degree, the light which the Anti-Slavery enterprise has been so long shedding upon the darkness. Men are beginning to learn, from sad and bitter experience, that which we knew long ago, and have taught in high-ways and by-ways, in the high places, and the low places of the land, that the evil genius of this nation is beckoning it on to swift destruction; that we are reaping now the accursed harvest, the seed of which our fathers sowed, and which, in our blind and wicked infatuation, we have nurtured with such tender care; that the giant which we rocked, and soothed, and nursed in its cradle, when we might have strangled it, has grown to its full strength, and stands now with its foot upon our hearth stone, and its hand upon our throat, and will, give it only a little time longer, strangle us. Sober and reflecting men, men against whom can lie no charge of anti-slavery fanaticism, who do not jump hastily to conclusions, who are not hurried away by brilliant hopes of being a blessing to their race, whose pride it has been that they were no Abolitionists, who laughed at our predictions, and mocked at our warnings, whose chief boast it was that they were the very salt of the nation, whose favor should preserve it from the corruption which the new-fangled and fanatic notions of the times would engender, these, it has come to pass, by a slower, and it may be, more selfish process, have come to stand in our position. Fanaticism and incendiarism have grown to be the thought of sober and quiet men, and the dictates of an impracticable and mad philanthropy have grown to be the dictates of common sense, and the law of self-preservation has taught what the law of Christianity failed to do, that injustice is foolishness, and that an unrighteous nation marches with steady and with rapid tread to its own destruction. And now shall we waste our time in pointing the people back to our principles? Shall we say, lo! is it not as we said, and the "thorns you reap are from the tree you planted?" Rather let us thank God that they have at last awakened to the truth, or are awakening, and whatever our hands find to do, do it, strengthening ourselves and our cause by the new allies who are coming to the aid of the right. Here is an instrument ready for our use. Let us see to it that we use it for the slave and for humanity. We may not rest yet from our labors, if we ever may. Great as the gain is that a portion of the people will listen to us now, our work is but just begun that we have gained a hearing.

Of our meetings we have little to say. Of that at the Tabernacle we have already spoken in our last number.

…good beginning that we made then redeemed its promise that the meetings should be of not less than the usual interest. The number of delegates present was, we think larger than it has been for several years. Massachusetts was ably represented, as it always is. [illegible] sent us delegates from the city and the country. Rhode Island, and Connecticut, and New Hampshire, sent of their faithful few. Ohio had its chosen sons, and daughters among us. The friends from the neighborhood of the city—from Long Island, and Westchester county,—who are never absent, did not fail to give us the benefit of their countenance and counsels; and the western and central parts of the State were not without some of their faithful representatives. The attendance throughout the term of the Convention was good, and we observed among the audience some new and attentive faces which were not absent from the beginning to the end. The opposition from the cavilling spirits, more or less of whom come always to scoff, but few of whom remain to pray, was less than usual, and nearly all who were present seemed to feel that the time and the occasion was a solemn one, even more so than any gathering of true-hearted and sincere Abolitionists must always be. There were few long speeches, but much speaking, and to the purpose. The virtue has not departed from any of those to whom we have so long been accustomed to listen. The words of our pioneer seemed to some of us to be in somewhat milder and more conciliatory accents, as he finds more willing listeners, but none the less earnest, and truthful, and clear, for that. The tones of Abby Kelley Foster, have lost none of their fullness, by her long and severe services at the West, and nothing of their fervor. Stephen Foster has not forgotten his mission to the "Brotherhood," and some of its disciples showed from time to time that it had not forgotten him. The severe and irresistible logic of Burleigh grows the brighter for its use. The clear reasoning of Pillsbury, convinced his hearers of the truthfulness of his positions, or his keen sarcasm and withering rebuke would shame them into silence. Many for the first time listened with pleasure to the mild and winning words of Stone, and all were glad to hear again the voice of Pierpont advocating now the dissolution of this unhallowed Union. Others we heard from briefly but as always truthfully, and among ourselves nothing occurred to mar the harmony of the meeting.

The sessions of the Business Committee were long and arduous, and were attended by nearly all the delegates present. The topic of chief interest before it, was the present condition of the Standard, and the consideration of various plans for its future management. A full and patient hearing of all that was said respecting it, and a comparison of various views was had, and the subject finally referred to the Executive Committee, to decide as they should, after all the light was given, think best. The result of their deliberations will be given in a future number, and in the meantime we congratulate our readers on the announcement which was made, that for the ensuing year, the valuable assistance of JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL is secured in addition to those who are already known as the editors of the paper.

Volunteers.

As this Mexican war is undertaken for the special benefit of the South, and to extend the blessings of her peculiar institutions over Mexico in part payment for her gold and silver mines, for that "revel in the halls of the Montezumas," and for the gold and silver services of her churches, the South at least, might fight the battles. But she is not such a fool as that. She knows, too well, by long experience, the patriotism and valor of her Northern allies not to rely upon them in such an emergency even as now exists, and generously gives up the larger share of the glory, retaining only for herself a good portion of the spoils. Even the Texan fire-eaters are satisfied with the laurels of San Jacinto, and are now willing to repose in the dignity of being a part of the Southern confederacy, and entrust the honor of the nation in the hands of the North.

Considering the position in which General Taylor and his little army are placed, surrounded by an enemy, in a hostile country, unable to move, and his provisions, with the exception of a few hundred head of cattle, almost entirely exhausted, the faith of the South in the North is great. Nevertheless it is not misplaced, and consequently the volunteers from New Orleans and other places are in no hurry to enlist. But they are doing something. One steamboat has started from Galveston for Brasos St. Iago with a strong force of *sixteen men!* This will strike terror into the hearts of the Mexicans, and keep them at bay till the other succors arrive from New Orleans and the North. But from the North they must come chiefly. Louisiana has failed to raise her four regiments (two thousand eight hundred men) without a resort to conscription, and that is not likely to meet with the success which so excellent and well-established a plan for having men shot against their will, deserves.

New-York has not yet come up to the mark that the commercial capital of this great republic, and the dwelling-place of the Empire Club should. But she is getting ready. Captain Rynders has declared his determination to march at the head of a battalion, and it is expected that the "boys" will not be backward in following their gallant leader. The President is answering the question, "who is James K. Polk?" to the entire satisfaction of the Empire Club, to which he owes his election, and they will not be wanting in their devotion to so glorious an administration. The lamp-posts and street-corners have fairly blazed with patriotism during the past week in hand-bills calling for volunteers. Public meetings have been held, which have not been wanting in enthusiasm, under the lead of the well-known George Washington Dixon, who rivals his great namesake in his love of country, and hatred of tyranny, and whose fame he also means to rival. He is a recent graduate of Blackwell's Island, and whilom editor of a very nasty Sunday paper, but is none the less fit therefor for fighting Mexicans, and spreading the blessings of civilization and Christianity among those benighted Catholics. We give an extract from one of his speeches at a war-meeting. We copy from the Herald:

> Mr. Dixon made one of the most patriotic speeches that has been delivered, on the subject of liberating Mexico. He said that it was his intention, if life was spared, to lead his little band into the very halls of Montezuma, to chaunt the hosannas of freedom with a chorus.
>
> "The star spangled banner in triumph shall wave,
> O'er the hall of Montezuma, and the Mexican slave."
>
> He thought, by the aid of "paper bullets" and the stratagems of emissaries, already in Mexico, that when the signal was given, a rush would be made from all parts to our standard, that would sound the "death knell of despotism," and make the "sun of tyranny set to rise no more."

The "Mexican slave" to which Mr. Dixon refers, are those which are to be made when Mexico shall be annexed to our Union, and enjoy the peculiar advantages of our glorious Constitution. From the wretched condition of our sister republic, which the orator so much commiserates, he passed to the tyranny of Great Britain, which he hates, as a true American republican should. The way in which he talks of the British Lion must make that animal, when he hears of it, cower into his lair as a gone beast, and send an immediate application, as Punch says, to Van Amburgh, for a situation in his menagerie.

But the North has got to fight this battle, and to foot the bills beside. We have no disposition to shed any tears over that fact. It is a part of the compact, and she might have known, any time these ten years past, that just the state of things that now exists, might occur. For willing slaves we have little sympathy. But she is beginning to understand the lesson she has been so long poring over. That the first five thousand of the fifty thousand volunteers are not yet raised, and that those that are, at the North, are headed by such men as Captain Rynders, and George Washington Dixon, is a very significant fact. It must be very dirty water when such scum as this comes to the top in the boiling. For ourselves, we hate all war, and above all, a war so wicked and so base as this. But as it has come, and if it continues, one party has got to be beaten, we hope, for the sake of humanity and justice, that it will be the Americans. The spirit of Slavery and the love of conquest has led this Government to invade the territory of a neighbor, and Heaven forbid that such wrong should triumph.

The War.

We give, in another part of our paper, the various items of intelligence from the seat of war, and the preparations which are making at home to conduct it. By the latest intelligence from the Rio Grande, the American army remains in the same condition, and no general action had ensued. Rumors of disaster reach us from time to time, but the only serious one has been the cutting off of a party of Americans who attempted to reach Gen. Taylor's camp, from Point Isabel. Seventy men were killed.

We take to ourselves no special credit for having all along predicted that we should have a war with Mexico. It is the natural, and almost inevitable result of the Annexation of Texas. That province was annexed when at war with the parent State, and in taking her we took her difficulties along with her. Had there been no other cause for hostilities we might have thanked the weakness of Mexico alone that the act of Annexation did not involve us in war. But in addition to this, the American forces have invaded Mexico, and no other result but that which we have was to be expected. The slave-power could not rest satisfied with the acquisition it had already made, but was determined to rob Mexico of still more of her rich provinces. It was a part of the original scheme to extend the boundary of Texas to the Rio del Norte, though Mexico still claimed, and has held possession of the whole district of country between that river and the Nueces. Texas, or the United States, have no more right to claim that country than they have the city of Mexico itself; and it was just as much an invasion of Mexican territory for the American army to encamp before Matamoros, as it would have been had they gone at once to hold the long-ago threatened revel in the "halls of the Montezumas." To-be-sure, Texas claimed to the del Norte; but she has never occupied that country, nor has Mexico ever granted that that was her boundary, even allowing, for the sake of argument, that Texas proper was an independent State. It is one thing to claim a boundary line, and quite another to have it settled that it is such by the concurrent action of two Governments. We have as much right to claim Ireland as a part of this Republic, and declare that Great Britain commenced hostilities when she should oppose an army encamping before Dublin, as to declare that Mexico is the aggressor when she repels a force which erects its batteries opposite Matamoros. In this view of the subject alone, the United States is clearly in the wrong, as the invader of Mexican territory, and as such, all men who love justice and national honor—if we may talk of such a thing—are bound to oppose this unrighteous and unnecessary war.

On this point we cannot have higher authority than Senator Benton, and we quote him as setting the subject in the clearest light. We give below an extract from his speech in Congress on the Texas Treaty, in May, 1844:—He says:

> These former provinces of the Mexican Viceroyalty, *now departments of the Mexican Republic*, lying *on both sides of the Rio Grande from its head to its mouth*, we now propose to incorporate, so far as they lie on the left bank of the river, into our Union, by virtue of a treaty of *re*-annexation with Texas. Let us pause and look at our new and important proposed acquisition in this quarter. First: There is the department, formerly the province of *New-Mexico*, lying on both sides of the river from its head-spring to near the Paso del Norte—that is to say, half way down the river. This department is studded with towns and villages—is populated, well cultivated, and covered with flocks and herds. On its left bank, (for I only speak of the part which we propose to *re*-annex,) is, first, the frontier village Taos, three thousand souls, and where the custom-house is kept at which the Missouri caravans enter their goods. Then comes Santa Fé, the capital, four thousand souls; then Albuquerque, six thousand souls; then some score of other towns and villages—all more or less populated and surrounded by flocks and fields. Then come the departments of *Chihuahua, Coahuila,* and *Tamaulipas*, without settlements on the left bank of the river, but occupying the right bank and commanding the left. All this—*being parts of four Mexican departments, now under Mexican Governors and Governments*—is permanently *re*-annexed to this Union, if this treaty is ratified, and is actually re-annexed from the moment of the signature of the treaty, according to the President's last message, to remain so until the acquisition is rejected by rejecting the treaty! The one-half of the department of New Mexico, with its capital, becomes a territory of the United States: an angle of Chihuahua, at the Paso del Norte, famous for its wine, also becomes ours; a part of the department of Coahuila, not populated on the left bank, which we take, but commanded from the right bank by Mexican authorities; the same of Tamaulipas, the ancient Nuevo Santandar (New St. Andrew,) and which covers both sides of the river from its mouth for some hundred miles up, and all the left bank of which is in the power and possession of Mexico. These, in addition to old Texas; these parts of four States—these towns and villages—these people and territory—these flocks and herds—*this slice of the Republic of Mexico, two thousand miles long and some hundred broad*—all this our President has cut off from its mother empire, and presents to us, and declares it ours till the Senate rejects it! He calls it Texas: and the cutting off he calls *re*-annexation! Humbolt calls it New Mexico, Chihuahua, Coahuila, and Nuevo Santandar, now Tamaulipas, and the civilized world may qualify this *re*-annexation by the annexation of some odious and terrible epithet. Demosthenes advised the people of Athens not to take, but to *re*-take a certain city; and in that RE laid the virtue which saved the act from the character of spoliation and robbery. Will it be equally potent with us? and will the RE prefixed to the annexation *legitimate the seizure of two thousand miles of a neighbor's domain with whom we have treaties of peace and friendship and commerce?* Will it legitimate this seizure, made by virtue of a treaty when *no* Texan *force*—witness the disastrous expedition to Mier and Santa Fé—*have been seen near it without being killed, or taken to the last man!*"
>
> "I wash my hands of all attempts to *dismember the Mexican Republic by seizing her dominions in New Mexico, Chihuahua, Coahuila, and Tamaulipas.* The treaty, IN ALL THAT RELATES TO THE BOUNDARY OF THE RIO GRANDE IS AN ACT OF UNPARALLELED OUTRAGE ON MEXICO. IT IS THE SEIZURE OF TWO THOUSAND MILES OF HER TERRITORY, without a word of explanation with her, and by virtue of a treaty with Texas to which she is no party. Our Secretary of State, in his letter to the United States Chargé in Mexico, and seven days after the treaty was signed, and after the Mexican Minister had withdrawn from our seat of Government, shows full well that *he was conscious of* THE ENORMITY OF THE OUTRAGE; knew it was war; and proffered volunteer apologies to avert the consequences which he knew he had provoked."
>
> "I therefore propose, as an additional resolution, applicable to the Rio del Norte boundary only—the one which I will read and send to the Secretary's table, and on which, at the proper time, I shall ask the vote of the Senate. This is the resolution:
>
> "Resolved, That the incorporation of the left bank of the Rio del Norte into the American Union, by virtue of a treaty with Texas, comprehending as the said incorporation would do, a part of the Mexican departments of New Mexico, Chihuahua, Coahuila, and Tamaulipas, would be *an act of direct aggression on Mexico*; for all the consequences of which the United State would stand responsible."

Poor White Folks.

There is a picture in the Exhibition of the National Academy, representing a family of North Carolina Emigrants on their way to Ohio, which the artist very happily calls, "Poor white folks." It is as eloquent a sermon on Anti-Slavery as the superb painting by Biard, representing the embarkation of slaves from the coast of Africa, and is worthy of being engraved as a companion to that noble effort of art. The artist who produced this eloquent exposition of the curse of Slavery, is a young Cincinnatian, named Beard, at present residing in this city. We do not know him personally, and have seen no other production of his pencil, but if this picture be one of his own suggesting, we shall have high hopes of his future career. The subject is homely in the extreme, but full of Hogarthian humor and evidences of an observing eye and a healthy mind. A father and mother, with half a dozen little children, and a sorry-looking nag, have halted at the junction of two roads, to drink at a well; in the centre of the group is a tall sign-post with two finger boards, one inscribed, "To North Carolina," and the other, "To Ohio." The poor folks have turned their backs upon the Rip Van Winkle State, where everything sleeps but the lash of the slave-driver, and are bound for Ohio. It is too late for the father and mother, the blight of Slavery has paralyzed the strong arm of the man, and destroyed the spirit of the woman: both of them are touching pictures of life-in-death. The wo-begone looks, the tattered clothes, and the aspect of despair which distinguishes these unhappy beings could hardly be found, out of North Carolina, among our twenty-six States. But the children are young and vigorous; they have not yet felt the full weight of the curse which has destroyed their parents. There is hope for them ahead. Good things are coming. Their backs are turned upon the Peculiar Institution, and their faces are towards Ohio. The figures and dresses of the party are true to the life, as we know from personal observation; in no part of the Union can such wo-begone poor white folks be found as are to be met with in North Carolina. The inhabitants of the turpentine districts, the most prosperous portion of the State, are pictures of imbecility which almost breaks one's heart to look upon. If human infirmities were proper subjects of mirth, travellers might indulge in a continued guffau from the borders of the Dismal Swamp to Albermarle Sound. But there is an air of settled melancholy in the countenances of the poor white folks in this region, which acts as an antidote to laughter. To an inhabitant of a free State, or a State where semi-freedom is enjoyed, the spectacle of such poor folks in a region where the soil is fruitful, the climate mild, and the people few, is exceedingly puzzling, and wholly incomprehensible. When he sees families living on large plantations with hardly the decencies of life, and children unable to read or write, and contrasts their appearance with that of his neighbors, who live on more sterile soils, he is confounded, and knows not what to make of it, until he reflects on the enormous wickedness of the slave-dealer, and remembers that God is just, and that no evil can go unrequited. The scene on the coast of Africa, by Biard, must suggest the inevitable counterpart of a scene in North Carolina by Beard. The two pictures should be hung together, that the sin and its fruits might more fully be realized; and that those who have never thought on the subject may know that every evil which we practice towards others, like the enchanted bullet in the witch story, will rebound upon ourselves. It was while travelling through the region of poor white folks a few winters since that we met with a former neighbor of our President, Col. Polk, as Mr. Ritchie loves to designate him; this gentleman took great pride in the Polks, who are North Carolinians, although at the time he could not have dreamed that one of the family would ever arrive at the station which Col. Polk fills at present. His chief vaunt was of Bishop Polk, of Louisiana, a brother or a cousin of the Colonel. The gentleman told me with great unction that the Bishop was a very remarkable man, of great prudence and piety, as an evidence of which, he said, that when the Bishop first went to Louisiana he purchased a large plantation on the Mississippi, and stocked it with a hundred negroes for the benefit of his children.

The New England Convention.

This meeting takes place next week, commencing on Tuesday morning. We are quite sure that it is not necessary to say anything to induce any one to go. Nobody, among Abolitionists, stays away that can help it, for all are acquainted with its character. No other Anti-Slavery meeting like it is held anywhere else, or at any other time, and no other "begins" to equal it in interest. It has no business—except to raise funds—to distract the attention of those present, or to keep any from attending, but its whole time is given up to discussion of the question of Slavery. The best speakers in the cause are always present, and they are confessedly the most eloquent men, as a body, in this country. To those among us who have never been to a New England Convention, we would say it is high time they went; and those who have but recently been baptized into our faith had better attend if they would learn from the highest source the philosophy and spirit of the Anti-Slavery cause. The New England Convention is the most "peculiar institution," of what Park Benjamin calls "Free Niggerdom."

A friend has handed me a copy of the Lynn Pioneer, of some weeks old, in which it is asserted that the Standard has refused an exchange. The assertion is as truthful, and made in a tone which we presume to be as kind and as courteous as the editor is capable of, as he professes never to speak except according to his highest idea of brotherly love and truthfulness. We, nevertheless, as we have made no high profession, and do not pretend to pick our words, do not hesitate to say that the assertion is a wilful and malicious falsehood, which the editor knew to be one when he penned it. He flatters himself in thinking the editors of the Standard esteem him of so much consequence. Two of them have never known nor cared whether the Pioneer was on our exchange list, and the third did not miss the paper—which he has rarely seen for some time past,—till he was reminded of it by the paragraph in question, handed him by a friend. The Pioneer's name is now crossed from our list, of course; but there was no thought of doing it till the present week.

OF COURSE.—The Saco (Me.) Democrat enumerates certain charges made against a Dr. Nourse, who was nominated by the President to the office of Collector of Bath, but whose nomination was rejected by the Senate; they are as follows:

> "Charges of *abolitionism* were gotten up against Mr. Nourse, at Bath, grounded upon the fact of his having procured a few blanks for his office to be printed at the office of the Hallowell Cultivator, an agricultural paper, but at which, it seems, an abolition paper was also printed for another concern; and also that he once appointed as a temporary inspector for the discharge of a cargo of salt or coal, a man who was charged with being a Abolitionist."

Is'n't this a free country?

ADJOURNMENT OF THE LEGISLATURE.—The Legislature of this State adjourned its 69th Session on Wednesday of last week, after having been in session about four months. They have passed a great number of acts, and among them one of some good to the Anti-Renters, and another to abate the militia nuisance in a slight degree, whereby every citizen subject to military duty may escape in time of peace the necessity of making a fool of himself before folks by paying seventy-five cents in advance to the proper authorities. The bill to abolish Capital Punishment failed. Whether it would have passed or not it is impossible to say, as Mr. Titus, of this city, to whom the subject was entrusted by its friends, was very careful that it should not come up until it was too late to act upon it.

An examination of candidates for admission to the bar of this State was held at the City Hall last week, when a great flock of fledglings was added to the host of unclean birds that now infest the community.

> "Among the rejected, says the Mirror, was Mr. Bradley, the colored student, who was on his fourth trial, and we cannot but think that his perseverance and determination to overcome the prejudice of the profession, is far more creditable to him than the unjustifiable severity which characterized Mr. O'Connor's examination. We certainly have no partiality for his race, but where talent and learning are concerned, we see no reason why color should be a bar to preferment. Mr. O'Connor was not content with an examination only, but to every answer Mr. Bradley made, he added a sarcastic remark, so as to excite the laughter of every one present, and heap ridicule upon his unoffending head. It is certainly unpleasant enough for a student to fail through ignorance, without insulting him in the act."

Mr. O'Connor is one of the delegates from the city to the Convention for revising the Constitution of the State. His name was on their ticket, and he received the highest number of votes cast for any candidate. *Ex pede Herculem.* What must the other delegates be if the best of them is such an unmanly ruffian as his conduct in the examination of Bradley prove him.

COLORED SUFFRAGE IN MICHIGAN.—In the Michigan Legislature, a joint resolution has been reported to strike the word "white" from that clause of the Constitution which limits the right of suffrage. An attempt has been made apparently to defeat the resolution, by a motion from a Democrat to strike out the word "male" also, so that women may have the right to vote as well as men. It was carried by a vote of twenty to twelve, and in this shape the resolution has passed to a third reading. We hope it may become a law. If women choose to go to the polls, we know of no good reason why they should not.

HONOR TO MICHIGAN.—The Legislature of Michigan has enacted a law whereby Capital Punishment is abolished in that State. Our Liberty party cotemporary, the Hampshire Herald, calls this the "progress of fanaticism." May we have more of it, and honor to Michigan that she is the first in the noble work.

THE NEW-YORK COLONIZATION SOCIETY reported at its annual meeting that its receipts for the past year have been $56,458 60. This fact should make Abolitionists blush at the small amount which they have raised in the same State during the same period.

☞ We are compelled to omit the President's war message this week for want of room. We shall publish it, however, in our next number, that a document so remarkable for its utter disregard of truth and honesty may be put upon record for reference in the files of the Standard.

THE SPEECHES AT THE TABERNACLE.—We give a report of the speeches of Burleigh and Garrison, and shall finish with those of Pillsbury and Mrs. Foster, next week. The closing portion of Mr. Burleigh's, however, is omitted, as he carried it away with him, out of town, to correct, and has not returned it in season for this paper.

GEN. SCOTT.—The report is confirmed that Winfield Scott is to command the Southwestern army.

THINGS BY THEIR RIGHT NAMES.—The following notice, says an exchange paper, was placed not long since on the wall of a country meeting-house:

> "Any person sticking bills against this church will be prosecuted according to law, or any other nuisance."

☞ We have received a letter from some good friend in Baltimore, which should have reached us in season for last week's paper, but which would be quite out of date for this, and is therefore omitted. We hope our correspondent will not omit sending us his favors because of this delay, which is the fault of the mail, and not ours.

The Pittsburgh Mystery announces the death of Wm. H. Yancey, at Cincinnati. Mr. Yancey was a colored man, and well known at the West as an anti-slavery lecturer. He has been more recently editor of the Colored American.

THE DEATH PENALTY IN CONNECTICUT.

The Legislature of Connecticut is now in session. Let the friends of the Abolition of Capital Punishment be up and doing. Send in a petition from every town, if there is but one name signed to it. Some of the members we know are favorable to the reform, and all that is needed, is for the people to move. Hold meetings, and circulate books and papers on the subject.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

General Items.

Latest News.—Victory of the Americans.—700 Mexicans Killed.

We give the latest intelligence received here before we go to press on Wednesday morning. The news was received yesterday at the Tribune office, by magnetic telegraph, of a battle between the Americans and Mexicans, in which the former were victorious, and lost but few men, while 700 of the latter were killed. General Taylor, it seems, left the camp with the larger part of his forces, to open a communication with Point Isabel. The Mexicans took advantage of his absence, and attacked the entrenchments. They were repulsed, and a cannonade opened upon Matamoros, which has laid that town in ashes. General Taylor, it was supposed would have to cut his way back to the entrenchments, as the Mexicans were gathering from all quarters in great numbers—it is estimated at from 10,000 to 15,000. Of course there is great rejoicing in this city at the news of the success of the American arms.

War Proclamation!

By the President of the United States of America.

Whereas, the Congress of the United States, by virtue of the constitutional authority vested in them, have declared by their act, bearing date this day, that by the act of the Republic of Mexico, a state of war exists between the two Governments. Now, therefore, I, James K. Polk, President of the United States of America, do hereby proclaim the same to all whom it may concern; and I do specially enjoin on all persons holding office, civil or military, under the authority of the United States, that they be vigilant and zealous in discharging the duties respectively incident thereto. And I do moreover exhort all the good people of the United States, as they love their country—as they feel the wrongs which have forced on them the last resort of injured nations, and as they consult the best means under the blessing of Divine Providence, of abridging the calamities, that they exert themselves in preserving order, in promoting concord, and maintaining the authority—the efficiency of the laws in supporting and invigorating all the means which may be adopted by the constitutional authorities for obtaining a speedy termination and an honorable peace.

In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the Seal of the United States to be affixed to these presents.

L. S.

Done at the city of Washington, the 13th day of May, 1846, and year of the Independence of the United States, the seventieth. JAMES K. POLK.

By the President.

JAMES BUCHANAN, Secretary.

Proclamation of the Mayor of New-York.

MAYOR'S OFFICE,
New-York, May 15th, 1846.

Whereas, a preamble and resolutions have this day passed both branches of the city government, requesting the Mayor, in conformity with the views expressed in the Message of his Excellency, the President of the United States, in which it is stated "that a state of war exists between the Government of Mexico and the United States," to issue his Proclamation calling on all persons acting under the city authority, and exhorting all other of our fellow-citizens to observe faithfully the requirements of the President's Proclamation, and our fellow-citizens belonging to our military corps particularly, to hold themselves in readiness for any service which may be legally required of them.

Now, therefore, I, ANDREW H. MICKLE, MAYOR OF THE CITY OF NEW-YORK, in pursuance of the foregoing, recommend to the inhabitants of this great and patriotic city to aid in carrying out the views expressed in the message of the President of the United States, as well as the unanimous expression given by the Common Council thereon.

Believing, as I do, that in any emergency, one and all of our citizens are ever ready to respond to the legitimate call of the Government, I therefore feel the greatest confidence that the same line of conduct will characterize our fellow-citizens on this occasion as has ever heretofore been manifested.

In testimony whereof, I have hereunto subscribed my name, and have caused the Seal of the Mayoralty to be hereunto affixed this fifteenth day of May, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and forty-six.

ANDREW H. MICKLE, Mayor of the City of New-York.

Great Public Meeting.—Decidedly the largest and the most enthusiastic public meeting which ever congregated within the walls of a building in New Orleans, assembled, agreeably to previous notice, at the New Commercial Exchange in St. Charles st., last evening. It was orderly—intelligent—enthusiastic. There was there the veteran of 1814-'15—his hair silvered with age, but the fire of patriotism still burning brightly in his eye; the merchant who had closed his ledger, and instead of waiting to strike a balance, went to announce his readiness to strike a blow in defence of his country; the mechanic and laborer who went there to show that although they have not wealth to protect nor riches to conserve, they have a liberty to fight for and a country to sustain.

When we left, there was an active rivalry going on among a great portion of those present to see who would first to put down his name as a volunteer defender of his country.—*N. O. Delta, 5th.*

Blockade of Mexican ports on the Pacific.—By the bark Home, from Havana, the Herald has files of the Diario de la Habana to the 5th inst. The Diario gives extracts from the Republicano, of Vera Cruz, containing important news from the Western or Pacific coast of Mexico. This account states that the American Government was on the point of declaring a blockade of the whole Pacific coast, and that an American squadron had arrived for that purpose, and was anchored in the harbor of Mazatlan. The Vera Cruz journal, under date of April 13th, states that the national vessel Palomo arrived at San Blas from Mazatlan, which place she left at nine o'clock at night, on the 28th, bringing the above alarming accounts.

ARMY OF OCCUPATION, April 25th.

The Country about Matamoros.—"This *Mexican State, Tamaulipas, in which we are encamped*, is a beautiful, a most delightful region. Far as the eye can reach, one level surface presents itself to view, dotted with cotton and sugar cane fields, interspersed with lovely gardens after the Spanish fashion, the whole cut up and divided in all sorts of ways, by groves of the finest trees, among which, the Lignum Vitæ figures largely; and the entire picture is cut up in twain by the muddiest, crookedest, swiftest river in North America. Neither mountain, hill, or elevation of any sort varies the everlasting level of the country around. The scene is rich and peaceful, with nought to mar its appropriate character, *but the armies of two nations, worshiping the same eternal God, strengthening their hands to slay each other like beasts (!!!)*

Our nights here are for the most part remarkable for their serenity. The stars stand forth in numerous crowds with rare brilliancy; not a leaf is moved, not a cloud is seen, while ever and anon, a meteor of surpassing brightness shoots across the azure vault. But I am summoned to sterner duties.—*Cor. Newark Advertiser.*

War! War!—The Philadelphia United States Gazette says:

> "We understand Messrs. Savery & Co. iron founders of this city, have received an order from Government, to supply at once one hundred tons of cannon balls."

Protection for the Volunteers.—The bill protecting the persons and property of all those now enrolling themselves for the reinforcement of Gen. Taylor's troops, on the Rio Grande, passed both houses yesterday, and was afterwards signed by the Governor. It has therefore now become a law.—*Picayune*, 7th

From Point Isabel.—A letter from Point Isabel, in the New-London News, dated the 28th, says:

Last night the ferry-boat broke adrift from the Mexican side, and floated over, opposite the piquet guard. One of the Mexicans attempted to get her by swimming to her. The Lieutenant who was officer of the guard, fired on him; he then returned and got a party of soldiers in a boat to take her; but the Lieutenant gave them such a dose of buck and ball, that they were glad to get back with one killed and a number wounded. Thus you see the gradual approach of a general fight.

Revolutionary Movements in Yucatan.—By a vessel at this port, which sailed from Havana on the 1st instant we have private letters from intelligent persons in Merida, Yucatan, to the close of March, with private advices from other parts of Southern Mexico to the middle of April, conveying the gratifying intelligence that the people of Southern Mexico, in imitation of the patriotic example of Yucatan, were concentrating their efforts, in unison with the Congress of Yucatan, then in session, for a grand revolutionary movement, against the military despots of the centre.

The Congress of Yucatan had refused to entertain any propositions from Paredes, and a courier, whom he had sent to Merida to request only three hundred troops, narrowly escaped with his life.—*Sun.*

The Slave Trade.—The trial of Davis and Shaw.—The trial of Captain Davis, of the schooner Patuxent, on the charge of having been engaged in the Slave-Trade—which has occupied the attention of the United States Circuit Court for several days past—was brought to a close yesterday. The case was given to the jury, (without the summing up of counsel,) under a brief charge by Judge Nelson; and the jury rendered a verdict of acquittal, without leaving their seats. A *nolle prosequi* was then entered in the case of Thomas L. Shaw, the mate of the Patuxent, and the court adjourned.

NOTICES.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE NEW HAMPSHIRE ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

The twelfth Annual Meeting of the New Hampshire Anti-Slavery Society, will be held at the Town Hall, in Concord, on Thursday, the 4th day of June next, commencing at 10 o'clock, A. M., and continue two days. Business intimately connected with the welfare of the Society renders a large attendance desirable. Let all who can, come.

BENJAMIN COMINGS, *President.*
J. G. WYATT, *Secretary.*

THE RURAL FAIR.
Fourth of July at Dedham.

This effort on behalf of the cause of Freedom in MASSACHUSETTS, will be made at the "TEMPERANCE GROVE," DEDHAM, on the 4th of July.

It is the purpose of the managers to spare no exertion to redeem that day for the *present* service of righteous principle, by making it a holyday on which the whole community may enjoy with them, the pleasure of a true festival of freedom in union with the higher satisfaction of duty fulfilled, by a simultaneous exertion to aid in carrying out the principles of our forefathers.

We have made comfortable arrangements for the exhibition, and sale of a rare and valuable collection of beautiful and useful articles, such as no other opportunity can present; with fruits, flowers, and refreshments of every kind; and propose to provide such accommodations as shall make this rural festival a most happy and inviting one to all the friends from the city and surrounding country.

The Massachusetts Society intend to celebrate the day at the same time and place. Addresses from the most devoted and eloquent friends of the cause, may be expected, with vocal and instrumental music from our musical friends. More particular announcements will be given hereafter.

MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN,
ELIZA LEE FOLLEN,
For the Managers.

WESTERN NEW-YORK ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

The Western New York Anti Slavery Society has held its Third Anniversary, and to awaken, to inform, and to inspire the American people with a true sense of the iniquity of Slavery existing in our country, and to endeavor to interest their sympathies in the cause of the poor slave, we make this appeal to an intelligent public; confidently hoping that the hearts of the people will yet be made to beat in unison with liberty, that their eyes will be opened to perceive the evil working of oppression, and their ears unstopped to hear the cries of the down-trodden; to send forth an earnest voice and an efficient deed in behalf of the *right*, to assist with heart, hand, and purse in the destruction of the vile temple of Slavery, and in the strength of their *moral resolves* to work out the salvation of the enslaved, and to hasten the coming of that glorious day when men shall be slaves and oppressors no more.

Now is the time for every lover of liberty to weave for himself a garland of gratitude in the heart of the slave; to stretch forth his hand and raise him to the level of humanity.

> To strike from his limbs the fetters that bind,
> And lift the dark pall, that envelops his mind.

To accomplish this end, it is necessary that lectures should be delivered, and books and papers on the subject circulated; therefore the Executive Committee of the Western New-York Anti-Slavery Society have engaged for a lecturer and general agent, WILLIAM W. BROWN, an eloquent and efficient laborer in the anti slavery field; one who has felt in his own person the evils of Slavery, and with the strong voice of experience can tell of its horrors. While thus engaged he is dependent for his sustenance on the aid of the philanthropist; we would, therefore, ask of you to contribute of your abundance to the support of those who are laboring in the cause of our suffering brethren of the South, and to ask your friends and neighbors to do the same, however small the sum may be, and the blessing of those "who have none to help them" will rest upon you.

You are also respectfully informed that the anti-slavery ladies of the city of Rochester have determined to sacrifice their time and means for the purpose of holding a fair on Christmas week of this year, and New Year's day of next year; the proceeds of which are to be applied for the spreading of anti-slavery truth, in the most judicious way, for the benefit of the slave.

Any assistance that can be rendered them in carrying out this plan, either in useful or ornamental work from the hands of ladies, agricultural produce from the industry and kind hearts of farmers, or specimens of mechanical ingenuity from those who work in wood, brass, iron, or any other material, will be thankfully received, and give evidence that there is "still flesh in man's obdurate heart that feels for fellow-man."

Donations of any kind may be placed in the hands of the general agent, WM. W. BROWN, or directed to HENRY BUSH, Treasurer, Rochester, N. Y., also, communications may be addressed to the same persons,

JOSEPH C. HATHAWAY, President.
SARAH A. BURTIS, Secretary.

ANNIVERSARY NOTICE.

The Ohio American Anti-Slavery Society will hold its Annual Meeting at New Garden, Columbiana County, commencing on the 17th of June, at 10 o'clock, A. M.

Arrangements are being made for the attendance of prominent advocates of the oppressed, not only of our own, but other States; the result of which, with other particulars, will be made known previous to the meeting.

From the increasing interest in this State, we anticipate a GENERAL RALLY. We also invite our friends of Western Pennsylvania, and Eastern Indiana to be with us on that occasion, and aid in devising efficient plans of operation for the coming year.

By order of the Executive Committee of the Ohio American Anti-Slavery Society. LOT HOLMES,
Rec. Secretary.

NEW ENGLAND ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION.

The Board of Managers of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society hereby give notice that the TWELFTH NEW ENGLAND ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION, will be held in Boston, on TUESDAY, the 26th of May, 1846, at 10 o'clock, A. M.; and will continue in session for three days. In performing this duty, the Board would urge upon its members, and friends, and the members, and friends of the American A. S Society, in all parts of New England, and the country, to assemble, in large numbers, for mutual counsel and encouragement, at this most important point in the history of our cause, and of our country. The triumphant supremacy of the slave power in the councils of the nation, consequent on the annexation of Texas; the dastardly submission of Massachusetts, and the other free States to this revolutionary outrage; the guilty silence of the Church, in view of the accumulating horrors, and indefinite extension of Slavery; all demand prompt and vigorous measures on the part of those who believe, RESISTANCE TO TYRANTS, TO BE OBEDIENCE TO GOD. A prominent subject for consideration, will be the maturing, and adopting, of a system of combined, and extensive agitation for the DISSOLUTION OF THE EXISTING UNION OF THESE STATES, and the abrogation of the base, cruel, and wicked Constitution that now binds them together in a compact, alike fatal to the hopes of the slave, and to the rights of the nominally free. The great question of DISSOLUTION, as the only salvation of the country, will be fully discussed; its philosophy, and method set forth; its expediency, and necessity enforced. Let all come up prepared to unite in an emphatic utterance of their sense of this necessity, and in a firm determination to make a resolute, and united effort to hasten its accomplishment.

"NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS!!!"

FRANCIS JACKSON, *Pres't.*

TO THE ABOLITIONISTS OF MASSACHUSETTS.

Dear Friends: At the late annual meeting of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, measures were adopted to sustain a number of able and devoted lecturers in this State, during the present year. One (Parker Pillsbury) is already in the field. Several others will soon enter. It is desirable so to arrange their labors in connection with other anti-slavery agencies, as to accomplish the greatest amount of good. Of these, the quarterly meetings of the county societies may be justly regarded as among the most efficient.

It is now proposed to the friends in the several counties, to hold their quarterly meetings in the following order, as nearly at regular intervals as may be, throughout the year, viz:

Essex,	Saturday,	May	9
Middlesex,	"	"	23
Worcester North,	Thursday	June	4
Worcester South,	Wednesday,	"	17
Norfolk,	Tuesday,	"	30
Bristol,	Wednesday,	July	15
Plymouth,	First of August celebration.		
Essex,	Thursday	August	13
Middlesex,	Wednesday,	"	26
Worcester North,	Tuesday,	Sept,	8
Worcester South,	Tuesday,	"	22
Norfolk,	Tuesday,	Oct.	6
Bristol,	Saturday,	"	17
Plymouth,	Thursday,	"	29
Essex,	Wednesday,	Nov.	11
Middlesex,	Tuesday,	"	24
Worcester North,	Saturday,	Dec.	5
Worcester South,	Wednesday,	"	16
Norfolk,	Tuesday,	"	29

The advantages to be derived from such an arrangement are, first, it would enable the General Agent, and one or more of the lecturing agents, to attend all the quarterly meetings in addition to their other labors, thereby giving additional interest as well as efficacy to those meetings. Second, it would break the monotony of a lecturer's life,—and by meeting so frequently with a large number of the tried and faithful friends of the cause, it would serve to cheer and encourage them in the performance of their arduous labors; and their travels, (should this proposal be acceded to,) will be so arranged as to enable them all to attend the county meetings. Third—It would produce greater harmony of action; and, consequently, a better understanding of the movements among the friends in different parts of the State.

The friends are requested to preserve this plan for future reference; and should anything occur to prevent any of the meetings taking place at the time indicated, such alterations can be made as circumstances may require.

Those to whom the Memorial to the Legislature was sent, asking for a dissolution of the Union, are requested to send them in without delay; as the attention of that body will soon be so closely engaged with money-making corporations, that it is to be feared they will have no time to bestow upon the great question of human rights.

Those who have in charge the taking of collections and subscriptions to the Agency Fund, are also requested to make returns soon, as the Board wish to know on what to rely; so that they need not employ more lecturers than they have the means of sustaining.

Yours, for Freedom,
LORING MOODY,
General Agent of the Mass. A. S. Society.

NEW-YORK WHOLESALE PRICES CURRENT.

CORRECTED WEEKLY FOR THE STANDARD.

ASHES.	
Pot, first sort 1846.	3.75 a 3.87½
Pearl	4.06½ a 4.12½
CANDLES.	
Mould, tallow lb.	9 a 11
Sperm	26 a 28
Stearic do.	22 a 25
COAL.	
Liverpool, chaldron,	7.00 a 7.25
Newcastle	6.50 a 7.25
Scotch	6.00 a 6.50
Sidney and Pictou	6.00 a 6.50
Anthracite, 2,000lbs.	5.00 a 6.00
COFFEE.	
Java, Gov't per lb.	9½ a 11½
Sumatra	7½ a 8
Porto Rico	6½ a 8½
Laguayra	8 a 8½
Cuba	6 a 7
Brazil	7 a 8
St. Domingo	6 a 7
COTTON.	
New Orleans	7 a 10
Alabama	7 a 10
Florida	6½ a 8½
Upland	6 a 7½
Upland, fair	7½ a 8½
Upland, good and fair	8½ a 8½
DOMESTICS.	
Shirtings, brown 3-4	5½ a 6
do. do. 7-8	6 a 7
do. bleached	7 a 9
do. S. I. do.	7 a 11
Sheetings, brown 4-4	7½ a 8½
do. do. 5-4	10½ a 12½
do. bleached 4-4	7 a 12
do. do. 5-4	12 a 15
Calicoes, blue	7 a 12
do. fancy	6 a 14
Plaids	9 a 11
Stripes, fast colors	8 a 10
Satinetts	40 a 75
Checks 4-4	8 a 12
Cotton yarn, 5 a 13	15 a 16
do. 14 a 19	18 a 20
do. 20 a 23	22 a 23
DRUGS & DYES.	
Alum, lb.	2½ a 3
Cochineal, Honduras,	1.50 a 1.55
Copperas	1¼ a 1½
Gum Myrrh, E.Indies,	9 a 11
do. copal washed	31 a 40
do. Arabic Turkey,	25 a 35
Madder, Dutch	15 a 18
Oil of Anis	1.46 a 1.50
castor, gall.	62½ a .67
Tartaric acid, lb.	40 a 42
Verdigris	17 a 20
Vitriol, blue	a 7½
DYEWOODS.	
Brazilletto, ton	18.00 a 25.00
Camwood	25.00 a 70.00
Fustic, Cuba	30.00 a 31.50
do. Tampico	22.00 a 23.00
Logwood, Cpy.	25.00 a 29.00
FEATHERS.	
Live, foreign lb.	12 a 25
do. American	28 a 32
FISH.	
Dry cod, cwt.	3.00 a 3.06½
Dry scale	1.25 a 1.50
Pickled, bbl.	3.00 a 3.25
do. salmon,	13.50 a 13.00
Smoked do. lb.	.9 a .10
Mackerel, 1, bbl.	. a 10.50
do. No. 2	9.00 a 9.50
do. No. 3	6.00 a 6.25
Shad, Ct. hf. bbl.	. a .
Bucksp't. bbl.	. a .
Mass. do.	. a .
Herring, pickled	. a 3.25
do. scale, per box,	a .45
do. No. 1	a .
do. No. 2	a .
FLAX.	
Russia, lb.	9 a 11
American	7½ a 8
FLOUR & MEAL.	
Genesee per bbl.	4.68½ a 4.75
Troy	4.68½ a 4.75
Michigan	4.88½ a 4.75
Ohio, round and flat	4.68½ a 4.75
Pennsylvania	4.62½ a
Brandywine	4.62½ a 4.75
Georgetown	4.62½ a 4.75
Baltimore c. mills	4.62½ a 4.75
Richmond c. mills	6.00 a
do. country	4.62½ a 4.75
Alexandria	4.62½ a 4.75
Fredericksburg	4.62½ a 4.75
Petersburg	4.62½ a 4.75
Rye flour	3.00 a 3.25
Indian meal	3.25 a 3.37½
do. per hhd.	15.75 a 16.00
GRAIN.	
Wheat, Western and N. York, per bushel,	1.05 a 1.10
do. Southern new	1.00 a 1.05
Rye northern	67 a .68
Corn north'n & Jersey	68 a .70
Southern (weight)	64 a .65
Barley, N.R.	50 a .54
Oats, northern	42 a .43
do. southern	37 a .40
do. New-Jersey	
Beans, tce.	6.12 a 7.62½
HEMP.	
Russia, clean, ton	205.00 a 210.00
outshot	.00 a .00
Manilla	138.00 a 142.00
American, dew rot	90.00 a 97.50
do. water rot	120.00 a 170.00
HIDES.	
B. A. & Rio Grande, lb.	12½ a 13
California	4 a 10
Orinoco	11 a 11½
Mexican	10½ a 11½
S. American horse, piece	a
Calcutta, dry	68 a .75
HOPS.	
First sort 1846, lb.	12½ a 15½
HORNS.	
Ox, hundred	4.50 a 7.00
Cow	1.00 a 2.00

IRON.	
Pig, Eng. & Sc. ton	40.00 a 42.50
do. American	35.00 a 37.00
Bar do. rolled	90.00 a 92.50
do. Russia P,S,I,	100.00 a 102.50
do. do. N. Sable	95.00 a 97.50
do. Swedes	87.50 a 90.00
do. Eng. com.	77.50 a 80.00
do. do. refined	90.00 a 92.50
Sheet E. & Am. lb.	6 a 6½
Hoop do. do. cwt.	5.50 a 6.50
LEAD.	
Pig, 100 lbs.	3.65 a .
Bar, lb.	4½ a 4½
Sheet	4½ a
LEATHER.	
Oak lb. (sole,)	18 a 22
Hemlock, light	13 a 14
do. middle	13 a 14
do. heavy,	12 a 13
do. damaged	10 a 11½
LUMBER.	
Boards, N. R. M. ft.	35.00 a 40.00
do. east pine	11.00 a 13.00
do. Albany, piece	10 a .13
Plank Ga. pine, M. ft.	33.00 a 35.00
Scantling pine	14.00 a 16.25
do. oak	30.00 a 35.00
Timber oak, cu. ft.	.25 a .37
do. Ga. yel. pine	.30 a .35
Shingles, cy. M.	11.00 a 13.00
Staves w. o. pipe M.	50.00 a 52.00
do. do. hhd.	40.00 a 42.00
do. do. bbl.	30.00 a 32.00
do. r. oak hhd.	28.00 a 30.00
Heading, w. o.	40.00 a 48.00
Hoops	25.00 a 30.00
MOLASSES.	
New-Orleans, gall.	29 a 31
Porto Rico	25 a 30
St. Croix	27 a 28
Trinidad, Cuba, Muscova	25 a 27
Martinique & Guadal.	— a
Havana & Matanzas	20 a 21
Neuvitas	a 32
NAILS.	
Cut, 4d a 40d per lb.	4 a 4½
(3d 1 cent and 2d 2 cents more.)	
Wrought, 6d a 20d	10 a 12½
Horseshoe, No. 7 a 9	18 a 20
NAVAL STORES.	
Tar, bbl.	1.75 a 1.81½
Pitch	1.00 a 1.25
Rosin, N. C. & W.	62 a 70
Turp. Wil'ton soft	3.50 a 4.00
do. N. C. soft	3.50 a 4.00
Spirits turp'tine gal.	55 a 59
OILS.	
Olive, in casks, gall.	85 a 88
Linseed, American	65 a
Whale refined	50 a 55
Sperm, crude	90 a 92
do. winter	95 a 96
Lard oil,	65 a 70
PROVISIONS.	
Beef mess bbl.	7.50 a 8.25
do. prime	5.00 a 5.25
Pork, mess bbl.	10.62½ a 10.75
do. prime	9.25 a 9.37½
do. cargo	a
Hog's lard	6½ a 7½
Butter, West dairy	11 a 14
do. Orange county	15 a 20
do. common	9 a 10
Cheese, Am. lb.	7 a 8
Hams smoked	8½ a 9½
RICE.	
Ordinary, 100 lbs.	3.37½ a 3.75
Good to prime,	4.00 a 4.50
SALT.	
Turks Island, bushel,	40 a 45
Bonaire	40 a 48
Curacoa	a
Ivica	
Cadiz	23 a
St. Kitts	a
Lisbon	23 a 24
Liverpool, gr'd, blk.	a 20
do. do. sack	1.10 a 0.20
do. do. fine	1.22 a 1.30
SOAP.	
New-York, brown lb.	3½ a 5½
Castile	8½ a 8½
STEEL.	
German lb.	10½ a 13
English, hoop L.	13 a 13½
Trieste, in boxes	6½ a 7
American	5 a
Spring	5½ a 6
SUGARS.	
St. Croix, lb.	7½ a 9
New-Orleans	5½ a 7½
Cuba, Muscovado	6 a 7
Porto Rico	6½ a 8
Havana, white	9 a 10½
do. brown	7 a 8½
Cuba, white	8½ a 9
do. brown	6½ a 8
Brazil, white	9 a 10
Manilla, brown	8 a
Loaf	11½ a
Crushed	11½ a
TALLOW.	
Foreign, lb.	
American	6½ a 7
TEAS.	
Imperial, lb.	35 a .90
Gunpowder	35 a .90
Hyson	40 a .88
Young Hyson	35 a .85
Hyson skin	22 a 60
Souchong, Powch'g, &c.	15 a 55
Bohea	a
TIN.	
Block, South Am. lb.	a
do. East India	15½ a 16
In plates ¼ ld box	9.00 a 9.25
WOOL.	
Am. Sax'y. fleece, lb.	30 a 40
do. merino	36 a 38
Pulled, superfine	28 a 30
No. 1	25 a 26
No. 2	20 a 23

Poetry.

From the Tribune.

THE OLD WASHERWOMAN.

TRANSLATED FROM CHAMISSO.

Among yon lines her hands have laden,
A laundress with white hair appears,
Alert as many a youthful maiden,
Spite of her five-and-seventy years.
Bravely she won those white hairs, still
Eating the bread hard toil obtained her,
And laboring truly to fulfil
The duties to which God ordained her.

Once she was young and full of gladness,
She loved and hoped, was wooed and won;
Then came the matron's cares, the sadness
No loving heart on earth may shun.
Three babes she bore her mate; she prayed
Beside his sick-bed; he was taken;
She saw him in the church-yard laid,
Yet kept her faith and hope unshaken.

The task her little ones of feeding
She met unfaltering from that hour;
She taught them thrift and honest breeding,
Her virtues were their only dower.
To seek employment, one by one,
Forth with her blessing they departed,
And she was in the world alone,—
Alone and old, but still high-hearted.

With frugal forethought, self-denying,
She gathered coin, and flax she bought,
And many a night her spindle plying,
Good store of fine-spun thread she wrought.
The thread was fashioned in the loom;
She brought it home, and calmly seated
To work, with not a thought of gloom,
Her decent grave-clothes she completed.

She looks on them with fond elation,
They are her wealth, her treasure rare,
Her age's pride and consolation,
Hoarded with all a miser's care.
She dons the sark each Sabbath-day,
To hear the Word that faileth never:
Well pleased she lays it then away,
Till she shall sleep in it forever.

Would that my spirit witness bore me,
That, like this woman, I had done
The work my Maker put before me,
Duly from morn till set of sun.
Would that life's cup had been by me
Quaffed in such wise and happy measure,
And that I too might finally
Look on my shroud with such meek pleasure.

FREEDOM.

'Tis not because fierce swords are flashing there,
With license and a reckless scorn of life,
When for some petty gaud upstarts a strife,
That Freedom there must harbor. Slavery's air
Breeds many a liveried satrap, prompt to dare,
And soldier-serfs are ready there and rife,
To march at summons of the jerking fife.
But when swords—some—are turned to ploughshares, where
Others, not rusted, o'er the household hearth,
In peaceful pomp, near cradled babe are hung;
And sires rest reverenced in holy earth,
And marriage-bells with holy cheer are rung,
There Freedom dwells, constraints sublime reward,
And peace must rear her, e'en if war must guard.

Kenyon.

Miscellany.

From the Boston Atlas.

Pen and Ink Sketches

OF POPULAR PERSONS AND PLACES.

BY A COSMOPOLITAN.—[Second Series.]

Missionary Sketches—William Knibb, and John Williams.

It is my desire, in these Sketches, to place before my readers the pen-and-ink portraits of eminent men of all orders and conditions, without reference to their principles or professions. Believing that, amongst those who peruse these papers, there are many who feel interested in different classes of men, I shall take my subjects from *all* ranks, as opportunity or inclination may direct. Some great movement may, at one time, attract my attention to, or influence my selection of, a subject—and the death of any great man with whom I may have chanced to be in some measure familiar, will, not unfrequently, be the signal for his mental resurrection. The latter is the case in the present instance.

The name of William Knibb is, doubtless, a familiar one to the great body of dissenters, (I beg pardon—they are not, as with us, *dissenters*,) of the religious community, I would say, in America, especially of the Baptist portion of it. He was a man of considerable ability—vast energies, indomitable perseverance, and fervent piety; and his memory will be held in everlasting remembrance, by all who value civil and religious liberty. I had the pleasure of meeting him once, in the year 1832, at a friend's house—and of frequently hearing him on public platforms—but, before I detail my slight personal recollections of the man, let me very briefly sketch his history—which, for certain classes, must, in consequence of recent events, possess some interest.

Knibb was born at Kettering, in the year 1803, and first made himself conspicuous, whilst serving his apprenticeship to a printer, in Bristol, by suggesting the hazardous measure of preaching in Bristol Fair, (a place of the utmost infamy,) and by placing himself by the side of the minister who officiated. In the year 1824, he went out to the West Indies as a school teacher, after having qualified himself for such an office by instructions in the Normal Institution of the British and Foreign School Society. He soon became a preacher, as well as a school instructor—and, ere long, the pastor of a church—in which position he was so successful, that, though at the period of his settlement at Falmouth, Jamaica, the church consisted of but about seven hundred and fifty members, under his care it not only increased, but multiplied—so that, at the time of his death, it had given origin to five additional churches—the number in which and the parent one, now amount to about four thousand. Had his course been only that of a missionary, William Knibb would have stood amongst the most devoted, the most generous, and the most successful of his class; events occurred in Jamaica, however, which forced him into the arena of public life.

Would that I held the nervous and powerful pen of that most vigorous (at least, so I think) of American poets—John Greenleaf Whittier—in order that I might fitly speak of the labors, the gigantic labors, of Knibb, in his efforts to procure freedom for the poor West Indian slave. But I am compelled to wield a humbler instrument in chronicling the deeds of this devoted man. It had been, from the first, the policy of the Baptist Missionary Society, in common with all missionary societies which employed agents in the British slave colonies, to take no part against Slavery—but to do all that non-interference with the unrighteous and oppressive system could do, to engage the favor of the planters. But, as Christianity spread among the slaves, they found that it was incompatible with Slavery. The planters resolved, accordingly, by some means or other, to expel the missionaries from the Island.

An opportunity of attempting this soon offered. Just before Christmas, 1831, the slaves broke out in insurrection. Martial law was proclaimed, and the utmost license of that lawless condition was taken to harass and insult the missionaries at large, and William Knibb, especially. A charge of conspiracy and criminal privity, was, without a shadow of foundation, and contrary, indeed, to conclusive evidence, got up against him; and upon this charge he was arrested, torn away from his home, and kept in custody part of two days, at the point of bayonets held by insolent militia men, who took no pains to conceal that they were thirsting for his blood. He was afterwards prosecuted upon the same charge; but the Attorney General of the Island had not the hardihood to proceed upon so baseless an indictment.

Foiled in their attempt, the maddened planters did not abandon their design. Under the cloak of zeal for the Church, they formed the Colonial Church Union—the avowed intention of which, was to destroy the chapels, and to banish the missionaries. Then began that series of lawless and malignant outrages, of which, twelve years ago, the world heard so much: and then was formed the sentiment and the resolution in the hearts of the missionaries, to which British colonial Slavery owes its downfall. Knibb and his coadjutors came to an agreement with the planters, that Slavery and Christianity could not exist together, and then they parted. The planters said—"We will exterminate Christianity;" the missionaries rejoined—"We will abolish Slavery."

After this, Mr. Knibb visited England. I need not, I cannot, here go into the detail, or make more than a passing reference to the irrepressible boldness, and the undaunted courage with which Knibb pursued his object—first in the Committee—then on the platform of Exeter Hall—afterwards, at meetings through the country, often face to face with the unabashed defenders of Slavery, and finally in protracted examinations before Committees of the two houses of Parliament. Nor need I hear enlarge on the result. I will only say that it was humanity's purest and noblest triumph, won, as was fit, by the purest and noblest means. Knibb's part in this achievement will place him in history by the side of Buxton, Wilberforce, and Clarkson.

It was during this visit to his native land that I met him. At that time (1832) I was residing in a small country town, in the west of England, which place he visited for the purpose of addressing a public meeting on the subject nearest to his heart. With other friends, I was invited to meet him at the house of the minister of the place, and about five o'clock I repaired thither. Knibb's name was at that time in every one's mouth. In the estimation of the Liberty party he stood deservedly high—but there were not wanting bitter enemies who denounced him as a traitor, and a maker of sedition. The whole West India interest were violent in their opposition to him, and paid agents to oppose him at public meetings, and dispute his statements. The present Mr. Peter Borthwick, member of Parliament for the Borough of Evesham, was one of those opponents, and never will be forgotten the tremendous castigation which he received from the hands of Mr. Knibb. But I am wandering—let me return to my friend's house.

I had been there but a short time, when a gentleman entered the room, from another chamber, where he had been snatching a brief repose on a sofa. He was tall, and of a herculean frame of body. On either side of his broad chest, swung two arms, which a blacksmith might have envied; and as he walked to his seat his lower limbs were seen to be powerfully muscular. His face was full of vigor. A full, light blue eye flashed with intelligence, and appeared to glance in twenty directions at once. His cheeks seemed at first sight to be rather bloated; but it was not so, for owing to the formation of the upper jaw, the upper lip rather protruded, and his upper front teeth were slightly visible. His complexion was florid, and indicated robust, vigorous, unfailing health. There was nothing of the sickly appearance produced by hard study. He looked emphatically the man of *action*. And his powers of endurance must indeed have been great, for him to have undergone the prodigious labor which at that period, he was imposing upon himself. He had no idea of economizing his powers; and even in common conversation, he always worked himself into a pitch of enthusiasm, which must have required a strong constitution to continuously support it.

Such a special occasion as this meeting, was not one, of course, to test any man's conversational powers, for, as may be expected, the state of things in Jamaica was the engrossing topic of talk that evening. It appears to me, looking back as I do, through the mists and half recollections of some fourteen years, that I never, before or since, met with a man of such immense energy, or who seemed to be so thoroughly in earnest. Fagged, as he evidently was, for he had spoken at considerable length in the morning, at the neighboring town of Taunton, it was really wonderful how he poured forth his eloquent invective against the system which he abhorred. But flesh and blood have limits beyond which their powers of endurance cannot go. And about a quarter of an hour before the time for the evening meeting, he threw himself on his back on a sofa, exclaiming, that he was "dead-beat."

"Dead-beat!" No one would have thought so, who witnessed him rise like a giant refreshed, that same evening. I have heard many convincing speeches in my time, but I certainly never knew any man, by the simple force of truth, to carry his hearers with him, as did Mr. Knibb. There was not, what some would call eloquence, if by eloquence be meant flowery sentences, and striking metaphors, and graceful similes, and ornate descriptions;—but there was a freshness and force, and a sledge-hammer kind of argumentation, which knocked all opposition on the head, and silenced the bellowing of his antagonists forever. Never can be forgotten, by those who heard him, his harrowing details of the horrors of West Indian Slavery—every statement supported by proof. Nor shall I ever cease to remember the powerful effect he produced by showing the instruments of torture used by the overseers in punishing the negroes. On one occasion of his exhibiting an iron collar, with spikes inside it, at Bath, the before-mentioned Mr. Peter Borthwick rose and contradicted the assertion that it was ever used as an instrument of torture. But Knibb was always prepared to substantiate his statements, and sending for a negro whom he had brought over with him, the poor man declared that he had worn it, at the command of his brutal master, and exhibited the marks on his neck which had been made by the spikes! As one man, the indignant audience arose, and cried—"Put the collar on Peter!" and if Borthwick had not slunk from the room, he might have been decorated with badge and collar of a new order of knighthood.

On the arrival of the news of Mr. Knibb's death, in England, some few weeks ago, funeral sermons were preached for him by different ministers of the connection to which he belonged. I heard two—one by the Rev. John Howard Hinton—the other by the Rev. Charles Stovel. I have, in a former paper, described Mr. Hinton, and may as well take the opportunity of giving a sketch of one of the most gifted and singular Baptist ministers in the metropolis.

In a dim, dingy part of London, towards, or rather in the eastern portion of it, is a labyrinth of streets inhabited by Jews, old clothes sellers, lucifer match makers, rag merchants, and persons of such like interesting professions. It may, therefore, be called a "low" part of the city; though, as compared with the lowest, it would be as Washington street compared with the neighborhood of Ann street, in the good city of Boston. In this dim locality is an old, dull-windowed, antiquated building, which it makes one feel dismal even to look at. It is too large for a house, too small for a theatre, and too unlike any of the buildings around to allow of a guess being made as to its uses. Some windows, however, of an oval or semi-circular shape, convey the idea of its being one of those old Nonconformist Chapels, which one meets with here and there in the secluded lanes and blind alleys of London. It is little Presscott street Chapel, in which the celebrated Abraham Booth, author of the "Reign of Grace," preached for so many years. Let us enter. The interior does not belie the uninviting appearance of the outside—everything looks damp, and dreary, and the new gas light pillars look like stiff intruders on the quaint privacy of the place—rash innovators on the ancient order of things, which is feebly vindicated by the old brasses on which the candlesticks slid up and down, years ago. The very sexton seems to have grown rusty with the building, and Abraham Booth's monument and he look like contemporaries. They must both have been bright and new about the same time. But let us look at him who now occupies the pulpit, once filled by the ancient Divine.

To look at him you would think him the most forbidding of men; one of the grim old nonconformists, made up into a smaller parcel; and so far he was in character with the place. He is small in stature, with a pale, thin face, and strongly marked features. His dark hair, which has a careless, uncombed appearance, covers a sallow forehead—and his voice is at first cracked and dissonant. But beneath this unprepossessing appearance, there is a vein of sterling metal. He, (Mr. Stovel,) is eminently a thinking man, and allows no one to do that part of his business for him. Originality is stamped upon every sentence, and he by no means wastes words. But observe his action. Now he stands stiffly as a statue, and anon seems to be in the act of flying out of the pulpit; now his voice sinks into softness, and in a second afterwards it is pitched in a shrill treble. At one moment he enunciates slowly, as if he felt a difficulty in getting his words out of his throat, and in the next, he talks at a railroad speed. So much for his manner; let us now listen to him, as he preaches his friend Knibb's funeral sermon.

But I shall not detain the reader with any account of this discouse, any further than as it bears upon Mr. Knibb's history. I always go to such services with a note-book in my pocket, and on this occasion I short-handed an anecdote or two, which may not be out of place here.

In the year 1841 a Mr. Sharp was hung in Jamaica for treason. As he mounted the gallows he addressed the crowd, confessed that he had sought his own and the liberty of his tribes, declared that the laws by which he died had been broken, pronounced that law a treason against God, and entered eternity. The man was buried as a felon, in the highway, but Knibb was there, a silent but sorrowful spectator. In his deep heart revolved a deep but mighty purpose. Months passed away before his natural intuition perceived a proper time for action; but it came, and he acted; and having gained the annihilation of Slavery in the British dominions, he, and a faithful band, by midnight, disinterred the remains of Sharp, and bearing them in solemn triumph, reposed them beneath the pulpit in the new chapel at Montego Bay.

Mr. Stovel also related the following anecdote, which is interesting, as showing how the stern, uncompromising, bold claimer of the rights of his fellow-man could soften down into the gentlest of human beings at his mother's grave:—

"After one of the jubilee services at Kettering, when the multitude had been thrilled by his eloquence, Knibb found me talking with friends, and placing his arm in mine, said 'Stovel, I want you to go with me to my mother's grave—will you go?' 'With all my heart,' was the reply; and, with another friend, we walked together up the street, towards the churchyard. As we passed along, he stopped suddenly where the main roads cross in the town, and directed my attention to a window on the second floor, looking down the street to where we stood. 'There,' he said, 'do you see that window, with the muslin blind?' I replied, 'Yes.'—'Well,' he said, 'my mother lived there when I left her. We had parted, and I had come down into the street here to go to Jamaica, to take charge of my brother's school, who was dead. She put her head out of the window and called after me, 'William! William! mind, William, I had rather hear that you had perished in the sea, than that you had dishonored the society you go to serve.' I never forgot those words—they were written on my heart.' We passed on, talking of the effects which such a sentiment had in fostering his courage and zeal at different periods of his trial and labor. As we ascended the rising path which slopes down the side into the street, when drawing near to the gate of the churchyard, he stopped, and said, 'How unchanged the things are! That stone stands at the side of the path, just as it did when I used to strike my marbles against it. See, they used to bound, and roll down there.' On entering the grave-yard, he became filled with awe, and walking up to his mother's grave, he stood, as if in the act of worship, and, after a while, said, 'There she lies. See, there's her name. She died January 25, 1835. She was such a mother! I wish my children were here, Stovel, to sprinkle some flowers on her grave.' His expressions were calm, and at considerable intervals. My attention was fixed on him; and the thing which struck me most forcibly, was the fact, that in minds which are suited to great and daring actions, the main spring lies in these sensibilities of the heart, which are kindled and augmented by domestic piety."

About the same time that the news of Mr. Knibb's death arrived, the intelligence of the decease of an eminent missionary to Eastern India also came to England. I refer to Dr. Yates, the celebrated Oriental scholar. This celebrated man will be remembered by many persons in America, he having visited it in 1827, after twelve years of exhausting toil—and where his simplicity of character, purity of purpose, and solidity of learning, made a very deep and just impression. He returned to India in 1828, and was, for fourteen years, engaged in translating the Scriptures. A mere notice of his works will suffice to give an idea of his gigantic labors. He translated the whole of the Scriptures into the Bengali language—the whole of the New Testament into Urdu—the same into Hindui—the same into Sanscrit—and the half of the Old Testament into the same difficult tongue. In 1845 his health became so impaired that, as a mere "experiment of living," he commenced a second voyage to England, but died on the passage, on the third of July, in his fifty-third year.

Dr. Yates deserves more than this passing notice—but my plan of only entering at length into the description of those whom I *have* seen, prevents me from extending it. Those who most intimately knew him, so far as I can ascertain, do not ascribe to him intellectual greatness; his leading characteristic was, in their judgment, a well-balanced mind. For a considerable portion of his life, he stood at the head of the entire body of Oriental translators of the Scriptures; the rendering of the Old Testament into Sanscrit, the great work to which his latest energies were directed, was one which no Orientalist then living, but himself, was competent to undertake.

The loss of these two men, whom I have thus sketched, separately and apart, to the English Baptist Missionary Society, is great. Alike useful, their characters, careers, and ends widely differed. Let me, before losing sight of them altogether, compare them one with another.

They were, in many respects, strikingly dissimilar. They were so in person. Knibb, as I have said, possessed a manly and athletic form, with an open and ruddy countenance. The frame of Yates was comparatively small, and devoid of muscular strength, his face pale, and of a prevailingly retiring disposition. They were so in constitutional tendencies. Yates was for study, Knibb was for action. Yates was for treasuring up the lore of other times and other tongues; Knibb was for pouring out the native treasure of a generous heart upon suffering humanity. They were so in their position. Yates was placed in a region of calms, where, on the one hand, nothing arose to disturb his studious habits, and on the other, the captivating stores of Oriental learning invited his assiduous application. Knibb stood in a region of storms, where human crime and misery had reached their climax, and the wild elements demanded some master spirit to confront and control their rage. They were so in the issue of their labors. To Knibb it was permitted to dry up a deluge of iniquity and wrong, by which everything precious to man had been overshadowed in a common ruin, and to create a new heaven and a new earth, verdant and serene. To Yates it was given to open the fountains of those living waters, which, flowing over arid and barren sands should render them fruitful as the garden of the Lord. They were so in their ends. Knibb, after a life of uninterrupted health, was cut off abruptly, but in the bosom of his family, his brethren, and his flock. Yates, almost through life an invalid, and repeatedly on the border of the grave, died among strangers, on the deep. A myriad voices poured our their heart-rending sobs over the grave of the one; over the watery bed of the other was heard nothing but the wailing of the tempest, or the gentler sighing of the breeze.

From the League.

THE WAR OF NEIGHBORS—WHAT WOULD IT BE LIKE?

Standing in Bridge street, Blackfriars, looking upon the crowd who press to get the names of the killed and wounded in India, from a newspaper supposed to be about to publish the names, it will be deemed very absurd to look along Blackfriars bridge, and imagine the London side and the Southwark side at war; the bridge the central point of the battle, the one army driving the other across the bridge, and over the bridge, into the Thames; the artillery of the strongest scattering grape and canister shot among the flying crowds of the weakest: the lancers with lances, the swordsmen with swords—riding upon the disordered rear, hewing down those that have not yet fallen, trampling to death those that are already down; rushing across to Blackfriars street, to set it on fire, bringing up heavy cannon to batter down buildings, that will not burn; retreating to their own side, (supposing the citizens to have been the most powerful, and to have chastised the Southwarkians for an invasion,) and breaking down, or blowing up the bridge, in their retreat, to prevent the Southwarkians from coming over again; proceeding upon the river to scuttle, sink, or burn, or fetch away by force of arms, and call them their own, every barge, wherry, boat, or raft of timber upon which the Southwarkians could venture upon the water again, either for war or peaceful business. It would be absurd to stand in Bridge street and suppose all this; but why? Simply because such occurrences are impossible? And why are such occurrences impossible? Because the people on the one side and on the other are one people. The traffic of the one is the traffic of the other; the bridge of the one is the bridge of the other; the barges, wherries, boats, and rafts of wood of the one, are the barges, wherries, boats, and rafts of wood of the other; the preservation of the property on the one side is equally important to the other side. It is so impossible that the two sides of the Thames could go to war and destroy each other's shops and houses, butcher each other's bodies, lay each other's streets in ashes, and make a population of widows and orphans and wounded men, to inhabit the streets of ashes and desolation, so utterly impossible is it for such a thing to happen, that it may appear supremely ridiculous to put the case even hypothetically.

Yet there was once war, even between the two sides of the Thames. The river was a division of kingdoms at a time when there was a belief, not yet so dead in the English mind as it should be, that war is a glorious thing, and is only dishonorable when not successful. That was at a time when there was no oneness of interest between the dwellers on the left bank and on the right. It was at a time when the ruling principle of such commerce as was known was piracy. But even now, in the age called civilized—between nations who are the pioneers of civilization, England, America, France, all three, or any two of them, it is quite possible for war to arise.

It is not possible that the ships of the Messrs. Baring, trading to America, could be attacked, boarded, plundered, burned, or sunk in the London docks by an armament from Rotherhithe; but it is possible that they may be attacked, boarded, plundered, burned, and sunk on the shore of America when trading there; and if so, the loss would be as great to their owners, or their insurers in London, as if they had been destroyed upon the Thames.

Then, if, in retaliation, the ships of war of England should go out, and lay themselves alongside of Boston, and throw rockets into it, and shells to blow it up, and set it on fire, and to tear the limbs from the bodies of the inhabitants, all of whom, it might be, were in favor of peace; some of whom, it might be, were the sellers or the buyers and consumers of the goods which the Barings had before carried there; some of whom might be the owners of ships lying in the ports of England, or at that moment going to the bottom of the sea, sunk by the cannon-balls of England;—if Boston should be bombarded and laid in ashes, its inhabitants left houseless, or thousands of them lifeless, the ships burned, and the docks filled only with wreck, what redress would that be to England? The English merchants would not be paid for the ships and cargoes lost. On the contrary the Americans would be still less able to pay them even if the war was ended.

But the trade between Liverpool and America, if suspended by war, would be an act of national suicide by both countries, far exceeding in disaster anything here hinted at in regard to the port of London, or anything known in the history of warfare. To depict its consequences would be an unwelcome task; and for the present, in this paper, an impossible one.

Let it suffice to say that the inhabitants of America, who are in the closest commercial intercourse with England, and the inhabitants of England who are holding intercourse with them, are jointly as averse to war as are the inhabitants on the Southwark side and the city side of the Thames to a war between Middlesex and Surrey.

Those in America, who would not so immediately feel the consequences of war in their worst form, are the people of the Western States, who have little commercial intercourse with England, but with whom we are seeking to establish it, by getting food from them in return for our clothing and furniture, of which they are in need.

Repeal the Corn Law at once, and the Western States of America are converted into peacemakers. Defer the repeal, and let the excitement on the Oregon question proceed, and the time for joint occupation cease, and war may become unavoidable. And, if it does begin, all the battles on the Sutlej are as holiday powder fired away, compared with the results of a war with America.

Not that it is denied that the Indian battles are great ones; they are greater, probably, than any pitched land battles that would be fought in America. A war between England and America, would be one ceaseless naval battle; the separate engagements being nothing more than a small part of the whole It would be fought along a coast of six thousand miles, and upon an ocean field extending from the English Channel to the shores of China.

America might disable England, and England might disable America. What would be the gain to either? Let two neighbors who have lived in peace—the blacksmith and the miller—fall out, and fight, and try to stab each other, and cut each other's hands off, and burn each other's houses; the miller who used to get the blacksmith's skill, and iron, and tools to mend his mill, trying to cut the sinews of the blacksmith's arm, so that he shall not be able to wield his hammer again, and trying to sink his hammers and his iron in the mill-pond; the blacksmith battering the head of the miller with his hammer, breaking the mill, throwing the flour into the mill-pond. What would be the gain to either if completely victorious over the other? If equally matched, would they not fight until they each cried "enough," and begin their respective business again in the mill and the smithy much poorer men, more helpless men, less useful men, less amiable men, than they were before they fell out, and quarrelled, and fought, and battered each other's heads?

That miller and that blacksmith are not fictitious. They may fall out. They are not now such friendly neighbors as they might be. The smith has refused to take the flour; the miller refuses to take the smith's iron-work. They dispute about a small piece of common land, of little benefit to either; and it is possible they may go to blows about it. But they would not fight—could not; their domestic households would not permit them, if the smith dealt with the miller, and the miller with the smith.

Nothing prevents that dealing but our Corn Law. Off with it at once.

From the Green Mountain Spring.

NORTHAMPTON WATER-CURE.

MASSACHUSETTS, March 30, 1846.

My Esteemed Friend Mack:—Your interesting communication contained queries touching my mode of practicing the Water-Cure, was duly received, but finding it so much harder to describe than to practice, I have delayed a reply until I am conscious of meriting the charge of indifference.

It is impossible for me to name all the symptoms indicated by the state of the skin. I can feel in every healthy person an incessant, regular, and energetic emission of electricity from every pore. This I call vitality, or power. In the skin of some invalids, this symptom appears feeble, or irregular, and in others not at all—and I have thought it prudent to decline all applicants for the cure who lack this electric action, as it is the principal means by which I judge how to treat the patient. Should this be feeble and regular (other symptoms being favorable,) I order the blanket; if irregular, the wet-sheet or half-bath, with much rubbing. While this action exists, it appears not to escape the pores in a case of high fever, until it abates.

The case of the late Charles Bardwell, Esq. of Whateley, a neuralgic patient, in the seventieth year of his age, has done much to confirm me in the opinion that invalids make doubtful cures after the skin had ceased to breathe. When Mr. Bardwell applied to be treated, in August last, in consequence of the quiescent state of this organ, I hesitated to receive him, and endeavored to discourage him from attempting the cure; but he, possessed too much firmness and perseverance to yield to discouragements, and evinced a strong desire to employ the only means which afforded any possible chance for relief. I consented to treat him long enough to test the action of water upon him, and his ability to endure the treatment; for he had long since been pronounced a dying man by all the physicians who knew the fatal effect of the calomel they had induced him to swallow. He was as helpless as a child, constantly writhing under the most excruciating pain, the severity of which was checked only by the use of laudanum. He was unable to walk, and could only pass his urine by the means of a catheter. I prescribed a ten minutes half-bath, 75 degrees Fahrenheit, twice a day, with much rubbing, for three successive days. This, with clysters and drinking, caused a copious discharge of bile, and abated his sufferings, and so favorably affected the cuticle as to promote a feeble electric action. He was then packed once a day in the woollen blanket, from one and a half to two hours, for a week; and took the tepid shallow-bath; when his mouth became sore, as if salivated. During each bath, cold water was poured over him from the back of the neck along the spine. After the third day's treatment the swelling in his limbs subsided, and he began to walk. At the end of two weeks, the time fixed to test the application of water, and his ability to endure the treatment, Mr. B. astonished all who knew him, by walking the fourth of a mile, daily, to take each meal. As the skin improved, and the spasmodic electric action increased, I varied his baths and the temperature of the water from seventy-five degrees to fifty-two degrees, Fahrenheit, according to symptoms. He took the hip-bath, the spray, shower, and the douche, as his case required. So rapid was his improvement under the treatment that he found it easy and beneficial to walk five and six miles a day. In November he had a fever crisis, when the palsy entirely left his limbs and side, and an equilibrium of circulation was restored, excepting in the urinary organs. His skin appeared quite natural, attended with a feeble and regular electric symptom. As Mr. Bardwell's prospects brightened, his faith and my hope increased. He felt that he should soon be able to enjoy life, and that without using the catheter.—At length, after moderate exercise, he would be attacked with spasms in or near the neck of the bladder. This caused a depression of spirits, general debility, and loss of appetite—the electric action gradually declined, and in a few days he was confined to the bed. It soon became difficult to pass his urine even with the aid of the catheter, and a few days before his death it appeared thick and milky, and scented the room with an odor as distinctly mercurial as the breath of a salivated patient. On the 28th day of November the electric action entirely ceased, and on the morning of the 29th he died without a struggle or a sigh.

I have only room to say in this uninstructive communication, that next to the feeling of the skin of a dying man are the indescribable symptoms which indicate secret disease. When this is the cause, or when there is a serious affection of the lungs, chest, or head, I think it endangers the cure to apply the douche. I am also satisfied that invalids who enter a Hydropathic Infirmary without communicating, according to the best of their knowledge, all the symptoms which have for years attended them, especially if in days of youthful ignorance they were victims of the too common and suicidal practice of masturbation, inflict injury upon themselves by endangering a speedy and thorough cure.

Yours, for health and human happiness,

DAVID RUGGLES.

P. S. My limits will not allow me to furnish a bill of such fare as I have found to be conducive to a thorough and speedy cure. I can only add that I regard proper diet to be as important as a proper application of the right quality of water, according to symptoms indicated by the disease. D. R.

We are happy to learn that Mr. Ruggles has had many applications for treatment beyond his means of accommodation, and that he has had encouragement to hope for assistance to enlarge his establishment. We are confident that it would be an eminently safe investment, as Mr. Ruggles's success has already established his reputation as an intelligent and skilful Hydropathist, and his energy and perseverance are quite indomitable. M.

From the Cape Town Mail, February 21.

AFRICAN SLAVES IN THE BRAZILS.

On the 19th of August, 1836, says Darwin in his journal of a voyage round the world, we finally left the shores of Brazil. I thank God I shall never again visit a slave country. To this day if I hear a distant scream, it recalls with painful vividness my feeling, when passing a house near Pernambuco, I heard the most pitiable moans, and could not but suspect that some poor slave was being tortured, yet knew that I was as powerless as a child even to remonstrate. I suspected that these moans were from a tortured slave, for I was told that this was the case in another instance. Near Rio de Janeiro, I lived opposite to an old lady, who kept screws to crush the fingers of her female slaves. I stayed in a house where a young household mulatto daily and hourly was reviled, beaten, and persecuted enough to break the spirit of the lowest animal. I have seen a little boy, six or seven years old, struck thrice with a horse-whip (before I could interfere) on the head; I saw his father tremble at a mere glance from his master's eye. These latter cruelties were witnessed by me in a Spanish colony, in which it has always been said that slaves are better treated than by the Portuguese, English, or other European nations. I have seen at Rio de Janeiro, a powerful negro afraid to ward off a blow directed, as he thought at his face. I was present when a kind-hearted man was on the point of separating forever the men, women, and little children of a large number of families who had long lived together. I will not even allude to the many heart-sickening atrocities which I authentically heard of; nor would I have mentioned the above revolting detail, had I not met with several people, so blinded by the constitutional gayety of the negro, as to speak of Slavery as a tolerable evil Such people have generally visited at the houses of the upper class where the domestic slaves are commonly well treated; and they have not, like myself, lived amongst the lower classes. Such inquirers will ask slaves about their condition; they forget that the slave must indeed be dull who does not calculate on the chance of his answer reaching his master's ears. It is argued that self-interest will prevent excessive cruelty; as if self-interests protected our domestic animals, which are far less likely than degraded slaves to stir up the rage of their savage masters. It is an argument long since protested against with noble feeling, and strikingly exemplified by the ever illustrious Humboldt. It is often attempted to palliate Slavery by comparing the state of slaves with our poorer countrymen: if the misery of our poor be caused not by the laws of nature, but by our institutions, great is our sin; but how this bears on Slavery, I cannot see. As well might the use of the thumb-screw be defended in one land by showing that men in another land suffered from some dreadful disease. Those who look tenderly at the slave-owner, and with a cold heart at the slave, never seem to put themselves into the position of the latter—what a cheerless prospect, with not even a hope of change! Picture to yourself the chance, ever hanging over you, of your wife and your little children—those objects which nature urges even the slave to call his own—being torn from you, and being sold like beasts to the highest bidder! And these deeds are done and palliated by men who profess to love their neighbors as themselves, who believe in God, and pray that his will may be done on earth! It makes one's blood boil, yet tremble, to think that we Englishmen and our American descendants, with their boastful cry of liberty, have been, and are so guilty; but it is a consolation to reflect that we at least have made a greater sacrifice than was ever made by any nation to expiate our sin.

CHARITY.

[*Translated from the French, for the Evening Mirror.*]

Mr. LePelletier, a citizen of Orleans, was so much affected and impressed by the wretchedness among its poorer classes, that, not content with having expended his own fortune in charities, he sought in their behalf that aid from others which his own means could no longer supply. Meeting one day an old friend, Mr. Aubertot, he said, with his customary warm-heartedness,—"My dear Mr. Aubertot, how much can you spare for my friends (so he invariably designated the poor) to-day?"

"Nothing."

"You would not refuse me if you knew why I ask; a poor woman has just been confined—she has not a rag for her child, nor a morsel of food for herself."

"I have nothing, Mr. LePelletier."

"A young and beautiful girl, who is penniless, and cannot get work—a trifle may save her from destitution and vice."

"I repeat, Mr. LePelletier, I have nothing."

"A poor workman, Mr. Aubertot, whose daily labor earns his daily bread, and who, having broken his leg by falling from a scaffold, has no resource but the charity of the more fortunate."

"Let me entreat you, Mr. Aubertot; you never will find objects more deserving, nor can charity be more necessary."

When I give, I do not require to be asked twice!" So saying, Mr. Aubertot turned on his heel, and passed on.

Mr. LePelletier sorrowfully turned away, but in a moment recalling the destitution of the poor wretches he had mentioned, walked back, and overtaking Mr. Aubertot, renewed his entreaties. At last his friend, transported with rage, struck him. Mr. LePelletier, with a kind smile, merely said,—"Now that you have given *me* something, you surely cannot deny the poor."

It is perhaps unnecessary to add, that Mr. Aubertot, with tears in his eyes, pressed his friend's hand, and left his purse for the sufferers.

The national thanksgiving and prayer in England is extremely well hit off in the following parody, which we find in the Boston Daily Advertiser. We hope it may meet the eye of his Grace, the Archbishop of Canterbury:

"Oh, Lord, we would thank Thee for the crowning mercy vouchsafed to our arms in the recent victory over the heathen Sikhs in her majesty's possessions in British India, on which occasion some twelve thousand of the enemy were sent to their account, for which we fear they were ill-prepared. Bless thy servant, the Governor General—enable him to enjoy his large salary; bless Sir Hugh Gough, Sir Harry Smith; bless the English troops; bless the officers—particularly those who are noblemen's sons; bless the artillery, particularly the horse artillery, whose grape and canister made the Sutlej run red with the blood of the heathen; bless the artillery-men; bless the drivers; bless the limbers; bless the light cavalry; bless the lancers; bless the heavy artillery; bless the howitzers! bless the greve rockets; bless the Shrapnel shells. Do not we pray Thee, forget the poor Sepoys. Bless the surviving officers—may they be consoled for the loss of their deceased comrades (now in a place more fitting for them) by being promoted to their posts.—Enlarge their means of usefulness, on many more such occasions as this late. Enable them to extend the British dominion over the Punjaub, and the remainder of Asia and China.

Bless the only true church, the Church of England, as by law established. Extend the blessed institution of tithes over the whole earth. Bless the bishops—enlarge their salaries; bless the English people—incline their hearts to pay their tithes cheerfully and willingly; bless the army; bless the navy; bless the aristocracy:—for thy mercies' sake," &c.

In a town some fifty miles from Boston, the members of a religious society were in the practice of holding conference meetings in the church, at which they made a kind of audible confession, technically called, "recounting one's experience." A very pious member of the church, Mr. D. was in the habit of inviting his neighbor L. who was not a member to attend their meetings; at one of which, Mr D got up and stated to the congregation that he was a great sinner—that he sinned daily, and with his eyes open—that he wilfully, and knowingly sinned—that goodness dwelt not in him—that he was absolutely and totally depraved—that nothing but the boundless mercy, and infinite goodness of God could save him from eternal damnation. After this confession of Mr D., Mr. L, who had by accident been placed on the "anxious seat," was called upon to recount his experience. He arose, and with most inperturbable gravity, stated that he had very little to say of himself, but the brethren would remember that he had lived for five-and-twenty years the neighbor of Mr. D.; that he knew him well, more intimately so than any other man, and it gave him great pleasure, because he could do it with entire sincerity, to confirm the truth of all brother D. had confessed of himself. When Mr. L. sat down, under the visible and audible smile of the whole congregation, the parson not excepted, Mr. D. went up to him and said, "You are a rascal, and a liar, and I'll lick you when you get out of the church."

Madame de Witt, of Hanover, has just completed, after twenty-two years' arduous labor, a globe of the moon, in which all the discoveries that have been made in the lunar planet are set forth with the minutest particularity. The globe has excited the admiration of the scientific world, and of the King and the aristocracy. It has been purchased for the Royal Astronomical Society of London.

General Items.

The Louisville *Courier* acknowledges the receipt of public documents from a member of Congress, and gives the direction, with the *frank, verbatim et literatim*, as follows:

"Free—W. Sawyer, M. c.—Morning *Corier, Lewisville, Ky.*"

Liberation of Slaves.—We learn that thirty-three negro slaves, from the Eastern part of Virginia, recently liberated at the death of their master, arrived in town a few days ago, and were to have proceeded yesterday on board the Dominion, to Ohio, their new destination.—We learn, likewise, that their liberator purchased for them a farm in Ohio, to which they are going.—*Pittsburg Chronicle.*

Bribery Case at Harrisburg.—The Grand Jury have returned the indictment against McCook, for an attempt to bribe Piollet, a true bill.—*Phil. Inquirer.*

Murder of a Slave.—We heard to-day of a most cruel and inhuman murder committed by a man named West, upon a slave, the property of Dr. Hugh Marshall, near Selma. The negro, we understood, was whipped to death—his body is said to have been disgustingly lacerated. West had lately come to this State from Georgia, whither it is supposed he has fled.—*Dallas (A'a.) Gaz.*

Oyez! Oyez!—This morning we observed a wagon passing up Superior street in front of our office, with three men and six women, and seats for more. One of the men stood up with his head uncovered, and proclaimed in a loud voice that rung through the streets—"*Oh yes! oh yes! oh yes! the kingdoms of this earth are at an end, and time shall be no longer!*" We supposed them to be a company of Millerite saints—or rather lunatics.—*Cleveland Herald.*

A Three Mile Painting.—A Mr. Bonvard has been industriously engaged in Louisville for several years in designing, and painting a grand panorama of the Mississippi and Ohio rivers, on a canvass covering an extent of three miles. He has now completed, it is said, the Mississippi river from New Orleans to Vicksburg, giving views of all the towns, islands, and sugar and cotton plantations between those places. Everything is given with truth and accuracy, and with the finest scenic effect.—Beautiful moonlight scenes, magnificent forests, the richest shrubbery, steamboats majesticly ploughing their way through the water, or taking in freight and wood; "broadhorns" quietly floating down the stream, and all the features which characterize the Western rivers, are portrayed by Mr. Bonvard with wonderful force. The Mississippi will be completed in two or three months, when Mr. B. designs bringing it East.—*Buffalo Com.*

Whipped to Death.—The Shawnetown (Ill.) Gazette, of the 9th instant, mentions a disgraceful occurrence which took place in Vienna, near that place. A man named Kersey, from Marion, stopped at Vienna over night. The next morning he stated that he had been robbed of over $100. *Suspicion* fell upon a negro man; they endeavored to make him confess his guilt, but without success. At length it was determined to take him out and whip him. Accordingly he was taken out, tied up, and the lash laid on by Kersey and others. After several places had been named by the negro as to where he had concealed the money, and each found to be false, the whipping was repeated. At length some of the by-standers interfered, declaring that the negro could not bear any further punishment, and forcibly cut him down. He was then conveyed towards the jail, but before reaching that, and within fifteen minutes after he was cut loose, he dropped down dead!

NOTICE.

If Richard Blackwell, formerly a slave in Fauquier county, Virginia, will call, or report himself by letter at No. 46 North Fifth street, Philadelphia, he will receive information of importance to him. Persons who see this notice are desired to circulate it amongst the colored people as much as possible, by reading it to them they have in their families, &c.

The "Emancipator," and "Liberator," "National Anti-Slavery Standard," and "American and Foreign Anti-Slavery Reporter," and "Pennsylvania Freeman," and all other papers friendly to freedom, and patrons of the under-ground railroad, are requested to copy this notice, and receive the thanks of one of the enslaved, as their remuneration.—*American Citizen.*

PHILADELPHIA ANTI-SLAVERY OFFICE.
No. 31, North Fifth street.

The National Anti-Slavery Standard, will be issued regularly from this office, on Thursday of every week.

TERMS—the same as in New York; i. e. $2,00 a year if paid in advance; 2,50 if not paid within six months.

$10,00, in advance, will pay for six copies for one year, sent to one address; and $30,00 will pay for twenty copies.

A full assortment of anti-slavery publications is kept constantly on hand. Also, a handsome variety of miscellaneous books, and useful and fancy stationery.

All letters relating to the business of the office should be directed to *J. Miller McKim*, No. 31 North Fifth st.

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